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THE ROTARIAN

The Magazine of Service

HUTCHINS HARRY B.
ANN ARBOR MICH



December
1923

20¢

A DECLARATION OF BELIEF

FOR some years The Armand Company has felt the need of a clear-cut platform whereupon the fair-minded manufacturers of toilet goods specialties within the United States might firmly and consistently stand.

In March of this year circumstances made it necessary for me to be outside of the United States at the time of the annual convention of the American Association of Toilet Goods Manufacturers. This alone prevented me from presenting this matter in person.

Having thus formulated and adopted, we now publish the Armand "Declaration of Belief" as representing the business principles of The Armand Company. I invite the individual members of the American Association of Toilet Goods Manufacturers to bring to my attention any case, anywhere, at any time where our practices differ in any degree from the principles here stated. I further suggest to and invite the members of the American Association of Toilet Goods Manufacturers to adopt a comprehensive code of ethics at their next convention.

CARL WEEKS.

Armand Declaration of Belief

I.

We believe that the manufacturer should always be animated by a true spirit of justice, amity, responsibility and service in all his dealings with others, and unswervingly act at all times in pursuance of the elementary conception of right, honorable and ethical business conduct, as befitting membership in a society built upon the sure foundation of a democracy, organized in harmony with the most enlightened civilization in history, inspired by the teachings of Divine Truth, and finally directed equally to preserve the opportunity and rights of each for the benefit of all and to enhance the general happiness and welfare.

II.

We believe, therefore, that it is the unquestioned obligation of manufacturer:

- (a) To label, advertise and merchandise his products in a manner wholly free from misrepresentation of any kind and in complete accord with the highest standard of commercial morality and the law;
- (b) To refrain from in any way or to any extent unduly infringing upon the equal rights (whether moral or legal) of a competitor and unfairly interfering with his business, as by uttering false or disparaging statements about

him or his products or his business, by misappropriating his trade names or the distinctive form or dress of his product or his original and distinguishing merchandising plans, by enticing away his employes, by using unidentified demonstrators who are deceptively held out to be the employes of the store in which they appear and unfairly prejudice the consumer against the use of competing products.

III.

This do we believe:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

THE ARMAND COMPANY
By Carl Weeks, President
DES MOINES, IOWA



MR. PEANUT

Planters PENNANT SALTED PEANUTS

MAILED EVERYWHERE IN
UNCLE SAM'S DOMINIONS

..AT..

75c
PER BOX

TRADE MARK

Something Really Good to Eat is the Most

**Appreciated
CHRISTMAS
GIFT**



Busy Rotarians

Send us the names and addresses of your friends with your check at 75 cents per. They will surely appreciate this Box of Golden Planters Salted Peanuts more than the numerous other gifts that are usually received at this season. There is genuine pleasure in every morsel. Do it now!

**Beautifully
Decorated
Friction Top
Metal Box**

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Please send a box of salted peanuts, with my comple-
ments, to

Name

Address

I enclose money order for \$.....

Signed

Address

(Write additional names on margin.)

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



A Rotarian Welcome—

WITH all that it means, awaits you at The Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia's Rotary Hotel.

Whether on a business, sightseeing or pleasure trip, you will find The Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia's best and largest hotel, a place where the tenets of the Rotarian creed are not only promised—but lived up to.

*The Bellevue-Stratford
Broad and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
L. M. Boomer, President
James P. A. O'Conor, Managing Director.*

Affiliated with

*The Waldorf-Astoria
New York
Roy Carruthers,
Managing Director*

*The New Willard
Washington
Frank S. Hight
Managing Director*



BELLEVUE STRATFORD



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Officers and Directors of Rotary International: President, GUY GUNDAKER, Philadelphia, Pa.; First Vice-President, EVERETT W. HILL, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Second Vice-President, JOHN BAIN TAYLOR, London, Eng.; Third Vice-President, FRANK H. LAMB, Hoquiam, Wash. Directors: BENJAMIN C. BROWN, New Orleans, La.; JOHN J. GIBSON, Toronto, Ontario; FRANK H. HATFIELD, Evansville, Ind.; CHARLES RHODES, Auckland, N. Z.; ANTHONY W. SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa. Secretary, CHESLEY R. PERRY, Chicago; Treasurer, RUFUS F. CHAPIN, Chicago.

CHESLEY R. PERRY
Editor and Business Manager

EMERSON GAUSE
Managing Editor

FRANK R. JENNINGS
Advertising Manager

Editorial and Advertising Offices: 221 E. 20th Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

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Ninety-five thousand copies of this issue were printed

The Christmas Carol

"God Bless Us, Every One," said Tiny Tim."

By Phil Carspecken

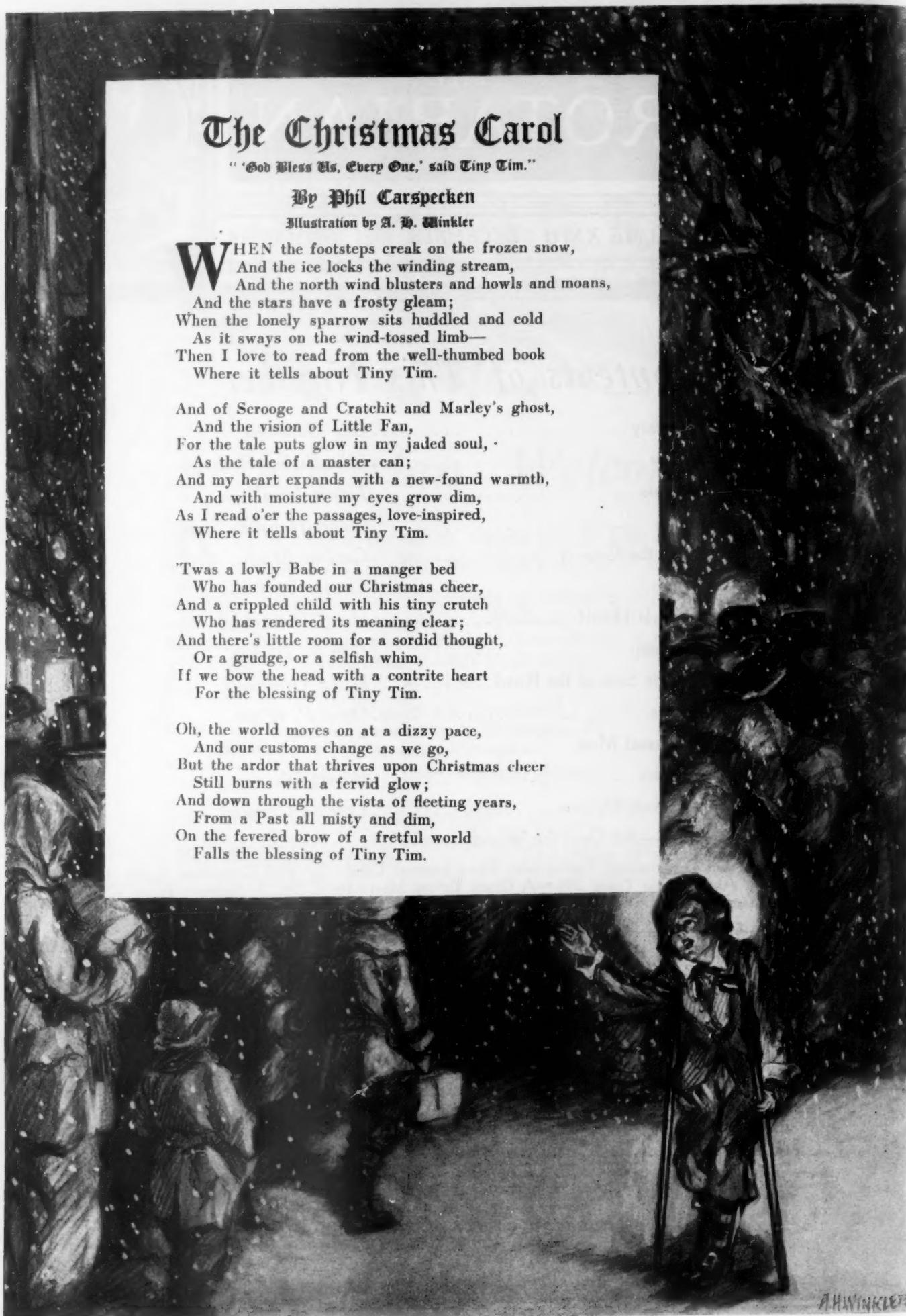
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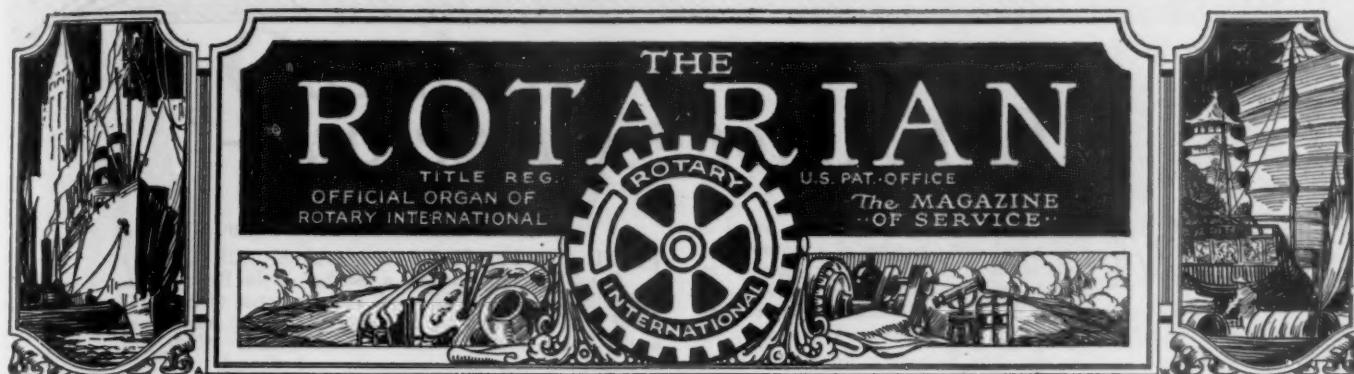
WHEN the footsteps creak on the frozen snow,
And the ice locks the winding stream,
And the north wind blusters and howls and moans,
And the stars have a frosty gleam;
When the lonely sparrow sits huddled and cold
As it sways on the wind-tossed limb—
Then I love to read from the well-thumbed book
Where it tells about Tiny Tim.

And of Scrooge and Cratchit and Marley's ghost,
And the vision of Little Fan,
For the tale puts glow in my jaded soul,
As the tale of a master can;
And my heart expands with a new-found warmth,
And with moisture my eyes grow dim,
As I read o'er the passages, love-inspired,
Where it tells about Tiny Tim.

'Twas a lowly Babe in a manger bed
Who has founded our Christmas cheer,
And a crippled child with his tiny crutch
Who has rendered its meaning clear;
And there's little room for a sordid thought,
Or a grudge, or a selfish whim,
If we bow the head with a contrite heart
For the blessing of Tiny Tim.

Oh, the world moves on at a dizzy pace,
And our customs change as we go,
But the ardor that thrives upon Christmas cheer
Still burns with a fervid glow;
And down through the vista of fleeting years,
From a Past all misty and dim,
On the fevered brow of a fretful world
Falls the blessing of Tiny Tim.





Follow the Star of Rotary

By Guy Gundaker

President of Rotary International

THE approaching Christmastide brings to our mind the story of the Three Wise Men of the East, who, led by a star, finally arrived at the lowly birthplace of the Christ Child. They bore in their hands rich gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

The wise men of Rotary also have a star to lead them on — a star which will truly lead them if they will but follow it; a star which represents Rotary's highest endeavor, its ideals, and its objectives. It is always shining—always beckoning onward. It leads men away from the sordid things of business; away from rapacious greed for gold; from cut-throat competition; the desire to get and not to give; the stilted and reluctant service; and the unethical business methods.

Men of Rotary, as you contemplate Rotary's star, don't hold back, but follow its friendly light. As it leads, those who follow, sometimes become so absorbed in that infinitesimal something somewhere between the selling-price and the cost—profit—that they lose sight of the star. Sometimes, when opportunity of gain knocks loudly, they even close their eyes to the star, lest it may shine so bright as to make their will refuse to

obey their lower motives. Sometimes they so regard self above all else, that, as they plow on through earthly quagmire, their steps falter, and they almost fall, but ever and anon, their star is there, and as they rest, the clouds which almost hide it from view, are parted, and the star again appears in its everlasting beauty.

The star represents faith, hope, and service above self. It grows brighter for those whose service daily grows, until it becomes an overtone of service to humanity—a heart throb joyfully attuned for service.

Rotary's star is for the wise men of Rotary—it is a star of the first magnitude in business, and as we follow it we too should bear gifts as did the wise men of old.

And what should they be? Gifts of friendship and brotherly love to all humanity; integrity in business practice; character in living; and unselfish aid to our fellow-men—and the greatest of these is service.

It is ours to make a better world,
To serve, to love to give.
A star, our star, it beckons us,
We've but one life to live.

"Just Among Ourselves—"

MAY I send THE ROTARIAN to a friend of mine who is not a member of a Rotary club?

Such inquiries are not infrequently received from readers. Such requests are always somewhat of a shock to the sensitive nerves of those who guide the destinies of our Circulation Department.

There are no secrets about Rotary, so there is no reason why Rotary's magazine should be confined to the membership. Thousands of readers and friends of the magazine have been secured through subscriptions placed by members of Rotary clubs for their friends and relatives and business associates. While the magazine is edited primarily for Rotarians, much of the material is of broad general interest—of interest to all progressive men and women whose creed is "Service Above Self" and who believe in putting the precepts of the Golden Rule into their business and everyday life.

So, if you are interested in sending this magazine to a friend or business acquaintance or someone that you know would be interested, we have made it easy by enclosing a subscription blank in this number.

* * *

TWO articles in recent numbers seem to have stirred things up a bit. Fred High's article in the October Number, "The City that Redeemed Itself," has been widely commented on and quoted. Many indications of interest in the unusual story of Jacksonville, Ill., have reached the author, and Mayor E. E. Crabtree, a member of the Rotary Club of Jacksonville, and one who had a major part in the work that was pointed out in the article, has simply been flooded with requests for speaking engagements as a result of the article, one of them a telegraphic appeal from one of the large cities of North America: "—— passing through a serious civic crisis. Would you come to —— as our guest and address a public meeting on 'How Jacksonville Redeemed Itself'?"

From far and wide have come favorable comments about Malcolm Jennings' interesting article in the November Number on "Washington—Alaska—Marion," a story of the author's observations as he accompanied President Harding on his last trip. The article appealed to one of our readers in Cincinnati to such an enthusiastic degree that he is having 10,000 copies of the article reprinted in folder form for general distribution.

The carefulness that is exercised in checking up the essential facts in every bit of material that goes into the magazine has made it unnecessary heretofore to conduct a "Beg Your Pardon" column. However, we do have an apology to make. In an article in the September Number, describing the "Empire Dinner" which was held by Rotarians of the British Empire at the Convention at Saint Louis, Rotarian Godfrey E. P. Hertslet, H. B. M. Consul at Saint Louis, was mentioned as one of the speakers at the dinner and referred to as "Godfrey Peckham." The Hertslets have served in the British foreign office and consular service since 1797 and Godfrey says he wants all of his Rotary friends over the world who are wondering if he has changed his name, to be officially advised that it is still "Hertslet."

We have also been reminded of a fact that we are very happy to acknowledge. In the September Number there was printed a brief but beautiful "Creed" on friendship. The creed was signed, "Author Unknown." Houston Fall, a member of the Rotary Club of Nashville, Tennessee, writes: "My father was the author of this creed. When I took charge of his effects, I found the original manuscript among his papers." We are happy not only to acknowledge the authorship but also for the privilege of reprinting the creed for the added interest that it will have and because we believe that no more fitting conclusion could be given to a Christmas Number. It will be found on page 64.

The illustration used on the front cover of this issue is a reproduction of a painting by W. H. Hinton, a well-known Chicago artist, on the staff of the advertising art studios of the Barnes Crosby Company, Chicago, of which Rotarian E. W. Houser is president.

Who's Who In This Number

PHIL CARSPECKEN—author of the "Christmas Carol" (frontispiece)—is a member of the Rotary Club of Burlington, Iowa. Phil needs no introduction to the readers of THE ROTARIAN for his beautiful verse has many times in the past graced the pages of this magazine. Many Rotarians know him both personally and through his latest volume of poetry, "Fishin' Poems and Others."

Guy Gundaker, Rotary's beloved president, needs no introduction either. President Gundaker has travelled thousands of miles since the Convention, addressing Rotary clubs and other gatherings. It is a real privilege to publish as our president's Christmas message, "Follow the Star of Rotary."

Ellis Parker Butler, the famous author of "Pigs is Pigs" has contributed an article this month, "Cardan—the Conqueror," that cannot help but cause every reader to reflect on just what are the things that make success. Whenever we think of success in the real meaning of the word, we cannot help but recall what someone once wrote: "It is well to have money and the things that money can buy, but it is also well to be able to look back and to know that you haven't lost some of the things that money can't buy."

Turner Jones—"Ethics Place in Business"—is now head of the Public Relations Committee of the Coca-Cola Co. However, this article was written as the result of the author's recent connection with the Public Relations Department of the Southern Motion Pictures Association. He has written a remarkable story of Rotary's possibilities as a positive influence in business and industry.

Mabel Hamilton Steel—who contributes "Rose Marie Blair"—is the wife of a member of the Rotary Club of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, a city famed for its highly constructive "back-to-school" work, in which a prominent part has been taken by the local Rotary Club. This story by Mrs. Steel demonstrating what a man's interest in a boy may mean to a woman, cannot help but have a powerful appeal to those who are thinking deeply about this all-important boy problem—and that means all of us.

Gardner Mack is—well, just Gardner Mack. He has been writing for a living since he was a youngster, both in newspapers and magazines. He has been a newspaper reporter, editor, correspondent, office boy, and feature writer (the order of classification is his own!). He has variously mixed with socialists, I. W. W.'s and Igorotes—as well as Rotarians. His writings have borne the signature of military expert, music and dramatic critic, sociologist and a few other equally high-sounding titles. "No. 3333" is a story doubly fascinating, because it is a true story.

Charles St. John is the *nom de plume* of a writer with a many-sided personality, as well as a variety of pseudonyms. "The Blackest Christmas" is another one of his typically interesting stories of the Cub newspaper reporter.

Owen P. White—"Mr. Perkins' Christmas"—is a member of the Rotary Club of El Paso, Texas. He has recently written an interesting and authoritative historical romance of El Paso, "Out of the Desert," which is receiving much praise. Read his Christmas story in this number—it is something "different."

Harry Botsford, as one of our regular contributors, has been introduced to THE ROTARIAN'S readers before, so we will not say anything more other than to point out that, "Have a Hobby—Ride it Hard," is something that the t. b. m., as well as those whose occupations have a more sedative effect, should read with considerable interest—and—benefit.

John T. Bartlett who contributes "The Rotary Indian Camp," has had an excellent opportunity for observing closely the boys' work of the Rotary Club of Boulder, Colorado, and this article is the result.

E. L. Devendorf is a member of the Rotary Club of Berkeley, California, and secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of the University of California. **Charles O. Smith** needs no introduction, for he has become a rather regular—and always welcome—contributor to our "Unusual Stories of Unusual Men" department.

Cardan— *The Conqueror*



With a blaring of trumpets and a blaze of full-page advertisements, Cardan's opened!

THE entry of Cardan into the business life of Riverbank was like the coming of a conqueror. He was magnificent. He arrived as one of the old Roman conquerors might have arrived in some half-civilized barbarian land, triumphant in his prowess, sure of his strength, welcomed by his own brazen trumpets sent on before.

The blaring trumpets were the tremendous full-page advertisements he sent screaming through the editions of the Riverbank *Eagle* and *Times*, the huge three-story muslin banner he spread all over the front of the Connor building in red and blue, and the ten thousand handbills—newspaper size—that boys thrust into letter-boxes, under doors, and on porches. There were trumpets less rhetorical, too—at least a few cornets and a tuba,—when the Riverbank Brass Band played in the street before the store on the day of the opening of Cardan's new business—"Cloaks, Suits, and Millinery."

But more magnificent than all was Cardan himself. He was a giant in stature with the hair of a Beethoven or an Ibsen; as he stood in the doorway of his new store and cast his eyes up and down the main street of Riverbank

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by A. H. Winkler

he needed only a breastplate and bare legs to be a Spartacus the Gladiator or a Marc Antony. A big man, friends—that finest flower of humanity, one who can stand alone and who means to do it. Some say it is the weed that usually stands alone. Cardan himself had no doubts on the subject; he knew he was great; he knew he was triumphant; he knew he was a conqueror.

He did things in the conqueror's way. He had thrust into Riverbank—20,000 population; county seat of Riverbank County—and had leased the Connor building with the ruthlessness of a Roman general grasping a Gallic province. It was done before Riverbank knew. The first word the town had of it, was the bursting out of a huge muslin banner and the blazing forth of the full pages—

"CARDAN'S!

"THE PEOPLE'S STORE!

"CLOAKS, SUITS, MILLINERY!

"WAIT FOR OUR GRAND OPENING WEEK!

"ALL GOODS AT COST!

"SOUVENIR WITH EACH PURCHASE!"

The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce called to see Cardan. "Is this Mr. Cardan?" he asked.

"No, this is not *Mister* Cardan," Cardan replied in his grand manner. "This is *Cardan*. I'm Cardan—Cloaks, Suits and Millinery. Cardan, you understand? Who are you?"

"I am the Secretary of the Riverbank Chamber of Commerce; now that you are one of the Riverbank merchants—"

"I? Riverbank merchants? What's that? What's a Riverbank merchant? I never heard of any merchants in Riverbank. You mean these dead-and-dried-up shopkeepers? These two-cent, cheap-John, Main-Streeters? Forget it! I'm not one of them; I'm Cardan—Cloaks, Suits and Millinery."

"The Executive Board thought you might want to join the Chamber of Commerce—"

"I don't join. I'm Cardan. I don't have to join. I pay my own way. I run my own business. Cardan is *Cardan*—understand that?"

"Practically every merchant in town is a member of the Chamber of—"

"Yes? Well, note this down, young man: there are two kinds of men in this town now—Cardan and these poor sheep that join things. And I'm Cardan."

Perhaps, dear reader, you have a little Cardan in your town, but I doubt whether

you have a Cardan as magnificent as Cardan himself. He was a conqueror, you understand. He was no man's man; he was Cardan.

The Secretary of the Chamber, rebuffed, reported that Cardan would not come in; Cardan meant to stand alone.

"That means he intends to cut our throats," said Blane, of Blane & Riggs. "Well, we've had them cut before and we're still alive. Who is this Cardan, anyway?"

TOLMAN, of the Tolman Wholesale Grocery Co., sent to his credit agency for a report on Cardan.

"Joseph H. Cardan," said the report. "Refuses to give statements. Is believed to be financially sound at present. Opening in cloaks, suits and millinery at Riverbank, Iowa; states he will pay cash and discount all bills. Is forty-two years old. Failed in cloaks and suits at Hetterville, Ind.; assets, \$445; liabilities, \$3,365. Went through bankruptcy. Failed in millinery, Okosh, Kansas; assets, \$342; liabilities, \$2,764. Failed in cloaks, suits, and millinery at Bundersburg, Mo.; assets, \$665; liabilities, \$768. Went through bankruptcy. Has been running a small store in the notion line at Altamaja, Ill., with a stock estimated at \$1,200. It is understood he has recently inherited a considerable amount of money from an uncle, but amount not ascertained. Will send later report."

"That's regular hades," said Blane, of Blane & Riggs, when he read the report. "He's going to knock things 'galley West' for awhile, that's sure—a failure with a swelled head and a bunch of easy money. They always go wild while their money lasts, the blame nuisances."

He did not, you see, speak of Cardan as a conqueror. But he was right about the "galley West" part of it. Cardan, the Conqueror, was not going to shilly-shally; that is not the way of conquerors. He sharpened his knife and began to cut throats the day his store opened. His full page in the *Eagle* was divided into five columns and he told the women of Riverbank a few things calculated to make their hearts beat faster. These were stated in words and figures like these:

"ALL-WOOL SWEATERS!

"BLANE & RIGGS' PRICE, \$4.55!"

"PALACE STORE PRICE, \$5.25!"

"BUNCE BROTHERS' PRICE, \$4.90!"

"LOWEST OTHER PRICE, \$5.15!"

"OUR PRICE, \$2.75!"

He knew how to do it, Cardan the Conqueror did, and he did not forget to again add "and a souvenir free with every purchase."

His store, it is but fair to say, was crowded during that opening week. He had not missed a trick. Miss Bliss,

who for twelve cheerful spinster years had won the confidence of the women of Riverbank as manager of Blane & Riggs' cloak department met the same women friends in the same eagerly cheerful way in the cloak department of Cardan the Conqueror.

"Oh, yes," she said truthfully; "this forty-dollar coat is exactly the same grade and quality I sold for seventy-five dollars at Blane's. And I can guarantee a perfect fit, because Cardan has hired Schmertz, who used to do our remodelling at Mr. Blane's."

"Mercy, Etty! Do you call him Cardan already?"

"He won't let us 'Mister' him," said Miss Bliss. "He wants it like that. He wants us to speak of him as Cardan, and the store as Cardan's."

And Cardan, strutting up and down his aisles snapping his fingers at the girls that Joe Bunce had called Miss Fripp and Miss Muller, was indeed the personification of a conqueror. Poor, trembling, old Mrs. Rickley, whose taste in hats and gentle manner had held many a limousine customer for the showy Palace Store, was now "Number Eight."

"Front—Number Eight; look sharp, please!" Cardan would call, and Mrs. Rickley would hurry to meet a woman with whom she had gone to school forty years before.

"You won't be so friendly with customers, if you please!" said Cardan. "Kindly remember that women who come here are not your friends; they are Cardan's customers. Cardan's! Bear it in mind. Front—Number Seven!"

Business had not been done in that way in Riverbank. Men had not snapped their fingers at saleswomen. But the better pay was in the pay envelopes on Saturday night surely enough. And why not? Modern times, modern methods.

"What I can't see," said Blane to Bunce, "is how he's going to get a living out of it. I was talking to Miss Bliss last night and she says there's no fake about it; the man is selling under us all through. He is selling at cost. He's selling everything we carry at invoice cost; not even a cent added for overhead and expense. Well, he can't keep that up forever."

He could not, of course. And he did not. It may have been a month and it may have been two months, and then the new goods began to arrive and Cardan the Conqueror gave them fairly decent prices.

"**B**UT Blane has a coat that looks like this for almost the same price," a customer might say to Miss Bliss.

Then Miss Bliss would purse her lips and send for Cardan. That was according to instructions; no one was to decide anything—always Cardan was to

be sent for. He was not only a conqueror; he was also a despot. And Miss Bliss would not lie for anyone; not even for Cardan.

"What is it?" he would ask. "This coat the same price as one at Blane & Riggs? You mean, madam, they have a coat priced the same. That does not mean it is the same coat at the same price. That only means they have a coat they *will tell* you is the same coat. And Cardan could tell you, madam, that this coat is worth two-hundred dollars, but Cardan does not do business that way. Cardan does not misrepresent goods."

The innuendo was that Blane & Riggs did misrepresent goods. And Cardan the Conqueror did not stop there; he told Riverbank in his full-page advertisements that Riverbank had been robbed by the native merchants for years. Until Cardan's came to town. Now Cardan's defied any man or woman in the Cloak, Suit and Millinery business to rob Riverbank and get away with it.

CARDAN told Riverbank that the merchants whom Riverbank had been blandly patronizing for years were no better than cheats, and thieves and deceivers. In a "ring" to defraud Riverbank shoppers. "Cardan's is in no profit-boosting ring," his advertisements said. Cardan's is a member of no 'gentlemen's (?) agreement.' Cardan has not joined and will not join any Association, Chamber, Club, or Organization. Cardan's stands alone and stands for the people. If you want to know why prices in Cloaks, Suits and Millinery are now lower in Riverbank than before Cardan's came, ask any merchant in town whether he is a member of any Association, Chamber, Merchants' Club or Organization." In other advertisements, he asked: "Why do merchants join Chambers, Clubs, and Associations? Why are the prices of joining-merchants higher than Cardan's prices? Cardan joins nothing. Cardan unites with no one to fix prices. Compare the prices given below with the prices of others. *The high-price ring is trembling; its rule is over; Cardan stands alone!*"

Neither the Chamber of Commerce nor the merchants liked that, but if they did not like it they might lump it, as they say in Riverbank. But Cardan's did not get all the business; the other stores selling cloaks, suits and millinery were not void of customers—not entirely void. During Cardan's opening week they were indeed like desert isles, but habit and friendship and the memory of fair and kindly treatment brought some customers back. And it must be admitted that Blane & Riggs, and Bunce Brothers, and others did advertise more liberally and did offer more "bargains" than before the coming of Cardan. In six months, Blane & Riggs and Bunce Brothers



"Well, I'm out of everything, ain't I? I'm out of the Rotary and all those clubs. They're sore because I'm doing business Cardan's way; because I'm showing these cheap pikers where they get off. We'll show them. I've got them all scared."

found their sales were quite normal again, or almost so, and still Cardan was doing big business. More cloaks, suits and millinery were being bought; the farmer's wives were buying far more. But profits were smaller all around; there was no doubt about that.

By the end of the year, Cardan's had been accepted as a thorn that must remain and fester. Cardan had not "blown up"; Cardan's still paid cash, and discounted its bills. Cardan's had become a fixture in Riverbank, it seemed. Cardan's cut-throat methods and knocking and fighting had to be accepted and borne with. Cardan's had come to stay.

At the end of his first year, with a fair inventory of goods on hand, Cardan actually found he had made a net profit of \$342.60 in his first year.

II.

In the eighth month of the eleventh year of Cardan's conquering career in Riverbank his son Joe's wire-haired fox terrier was shot and killed. The dog was a dog of pedigree and had cost Cardan fifty dollars at a good kennel although it was, in disposition, no better and no worse than other Riverbank dogs. It did, now and then, like other Riverbank dogs, go forth to battle. Now and then, from the middle of pandemonium of yowls and snarls, Yip or the other dog would tear away, yowling and licked, perhaps with a bleeding ear. But no one thought much of that in Riverbank. Dogs would fight now and then; it was their nature. But on this dark night, Joe Cardan's dog Yip was shot and killed. He was the second of Joe Car-

dan's dogs to be shot and killed. When Cardan the Conqueror came home at noon he heard Joe on the back porch calling the dog—"Here, Yip! Here, Yip! Come here, Yip!" Then he heard the boy going among the bushes in the side yard, still calling, "Here, Yip! Here, Yip! Come here, Yip!" And then the young Joe, bawling, came carrying the dead dog in his arms. He dropped it on the porch and dropped down by it—and cried. The kid's heart was mighty near broken.

"They killed my dog! They killed my dog!" he sobbed.

"Oh, shut up about your dog!" Cardan shouted. "I'll get you another dog. Come in here to your dinner."

They still have dinner in the middle of the day in Riverbank.

But Cardan—of Cardan's, the Conqueror—did not eat all his dinner at home the middle of that day. The boy sat sniffing and stuffing his food into his mouth, looking at his father sideways and afraid to cry, and suddenly Mrs. Cardan uttered a long, wailing "O-h!" and dropped her head on her arms and sobbed. She had never done this before, but now the ten years and eight months of knowledge that Cardan and everything of Cardan's was disliked was sobbing from her unhappy heart.

No one's dogs but Cardan's were shot; other dogs were excused and forgiven. Only Cardan's dogs were shot. Only Joe's dogs were shot. And only Cardan's wife was left out of the Bridge Clubs, and not invited to join the Friday Club, and meaningly omitted from the roster of the Garden Club.

Cardan looked at his wife and opened his mouth to speak. His face grew red and his eyes glared. Then he thought better of it and threw his napkin on the table and got up and went to the hall and got his hat and went out and slammed the door. In the dining-room, Mrs. Cardan cried and Joe cried.

"The devil take it!" Cardan the Conqueror growled to himself, as he strode toward his store. "Yes, the devil take all of them! The whole town! A man comes here and opens a first-class store, works his life out to make a business that's a credit to the town, gives his wife a car, and everything else a woman ought to want, and his kid everything a kid should have—and then what? Bawling and weeping all over the place. And look at me—look how I'm treated—like an outsider!"

WHEN Cardan reached the office he found three salesmen, the grist from the noon train; two took little of his time but the third had come at his written request, and he knew he would have to spend an hour, or perhaps two hours, with that man. He was Hufflin, from the Tremain Suit Company.

That Hufflin was there was one of Cardan's triumphs. He had written three letters before the Tremain suit people had sent anyone, because Blane & Riggs had been handling their line for years, exclusively.

"Now, I want to show you," Cardan said to Hufflin. "You needn't tell me how much Blane buys from you—"

"And I won't," said Hufflin dryly.



"That's business," said Cardan. "And it's good business for you, too. You don't know how long Blane & Riggs are going to last; you don't have to tell me they are eight months back in their payments to you. Look out they don't blow up on

you, that's all I say. A couple of back-numbers, going down hill. And who else would you have here? The Palace Store with a place that looks like a junk shop; Bunce Brothers who have been on the toboggan ever since I opened up; a couple of other Cheap Johns that would drop dead at your prices and grades. Now let me give you some inside information about the whole lot of them."

For an hour Cardan the Conqueror talked to Hufflin, knocking his competitors and especially Blane & Riggs; in the end, Hufflin sent a long wire to headquarters, but the reply did not come until the next day. When Cardan went home that evening his wife was nervous and not happy, and the boy was silent and subdued.

"Oh, for cat's sake!" Cardan cried; "Can't we have a little cheerfulness in this house? When a man works hard all day—"

BUT Mrs. Cardan could not be cheerful that evening and Cardan left her alone and put in the evening drafting the advertisement he would spread on his full pages when he had the Tremain line. He decided to head it, "Straws Show Which Way The Wind Blows," followed by "The Tremain Suit Company Gives Cardan's Exclusive Sale in Riverbank—The Best Suit House in America Takes Its Superb Line Away from the Dead Ones and Gives It to Riverbank's Only Live Store." He would follow this with prices; he would cut the life out of the prices on the Tremain line; he would have to if he was to sell twice what Blane & Riggs had sold!

As they were going to bed, Mrs. Cardan summoned all her courage and spoke to Cardan.

"Are you making a lot of money here?" she asked.

"Why should you care? No, I ain't!" said Cardan. "I ain't, but I'm going to, when I run a couple of these pikers out of business, and I've got them on the run. If the deal I've been working on today goes through, I'll be pretty well rid of one of them, I'll tell you that! I'll have the knife into Blane—deep into him, too. Why? What's the matter? Don't I give you everything you want?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Cardan, miserably. "I can't seem to be happy here. No one seems to like us. We're

(Continued on page 54)

Ethics' Place in Business

A study of Rotary potentialities revealed by experience in the motion-picture industry.

By TURNER JONES

WHAT can Rotary do for business? In my opinion we can best answer that by considering what Rotary has already done for business. To do so we must study the changes in business practice which seem directly or indirectly due to Rotary's influence. For though we may discuss service as an abstraction we can only estimate service by marking the actions impelled by the spirit of service. We can only judge of what is in men's minds by observing their actions.

But Rotary's application to business is a very comprehensive affair. Details of office routine as well as great projects such as that launched by a group of bankers for the promotion of good-will between England, France, and America, can both be reckoned within the scope of our analysis. We must, therefore, simplify our task by taking a sample instead of the whole, by considering what Rotary has accomplished in some one fairly representative industry. I have selected the motion-picture industry as my sample because I am familiar with that industry, and also because of the great public influence which that industry is able to exert.

It is my belief that the establishment of good-will is the essence of all public relations, and that we can only secure good-will in the proportion that we render service. If this is true we can accurately gauge the power of any industry to create good-will by finding how much service that industry renders to the public. In Rotary's code of ethics we have a measuring rod, a standard, as it were, which will enable us to estimate an industry's potentialities for rendering service. By applying such mensuration to the business practices which dominate the motion-picture industry, and to those practices which have dominated it in the

past, we can tell whether the service potential is increasing or not.

The motion-picture industry is also advantageous for our purpose since its history is short though eventful. Within the brief span of twenty-one years the "movie" has been developed into a great factor of commercialized entertainment, and with this development have come opportunities for expanding its influence into more serious work. Having developed a great industry itself, the motion-picture has now become a factor in the development of all industry, and an aid in other educational work.

In order to trace the growth of Rotary's influence in the motion-picture industry, it is necessary to glance backward for a few moments. The motion-picture had its real birth when, out of "mysterious room No. 5," Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park brought the kinetoscope in 1886; but not until 1896 did Colonel Latham, late of the Confederate Army, and his two sons go from Richmond, Virginia, to New York, where they developed the kinetoscope which would throw its pictures upon a screen.

It was not until 1902 that the motion-picture was developed as a commercial possibility and the cinema theater was born. So, as an industry, the moving-picture theater is approximately twenty-one years old, and up to a few years ago very little, if any, thought had been given to the theater's ethical relations to the public or consideration of its obligations to the public.

ALITTLE more than three years ago, a southern motion-picture corporation, supervising what was then the largest chain of motion-picture theaters under a single management in the world, decided to employ as theater managers business and college-trained men.

Almost immediately these men were taken into the Rotary clubs of the respective cities to which they were assigned, such as Jacksonville, St. Petersburg, Tampa, Columbia, Asheville, Charlotte, Memphis, Birmingham, Montgomery, Augusta, and others. Now I do not know that these young Rotarians ever read the Code of Ethics, but I do know that Rotary rendered them receptive to the principles of that Code.

Co-incident with this change in policy of employment of personnel, it was decided to organize a public-relations department for this company, which was to be the first department of its kind in the entire motion-picture industry.

The new public-relations department was mindful that permanency in public relations is based upon truth, and that truth must be given to the public with courtesy and civility, so as to beget confidence and co-operation. With this as a background of thought, the new department began to cast about for two things—the most urgent problems with which the company and industry was confronted, and for the most strategic points at which to attempt a solution of these prob-

Rotary and Business Relations

IN this article Turner Jones illustrates the practical possibilities of applying Rotary to business. Believing that we can best study service by observing actions impelled by the spirit of service—just as we study the mind by observing the behavior—Mr. Jones presents a careful study of ethical improvements in the motion picture industry as an example of what may be accomplished in various other industries and professions. When thinking of service, he says, we must consider all phases of business affairs, great and small alike. We must not only consider details of office routine but great projects which will affect international relations.

Believing that the establishment of good will is the essence of public relations, that this good will can only be won in proportion to the service rendered, he sees in Rotary's Code of Ethics a measuring rod with which to determine the potentialities of any business. Such mensuration of an industry which has developed into a world influence within twenty-one years should interest us all.

Closely related to this suggestion is the work recently undertaken by the Rotary Club of Atlanta, Ga. Four thousand copies of the Rotary Code of Ethics, beautifully lithographed, were sent to members of the Chamber of Commerce, ministers, and all principals and teachers of the public schools and colleges of the city and suburbs. Printed on each copy was a small picture of the Rotary emblem and the statement, "Compliments of the Atlanta Rotary Club." All references to Rotary in the Code itself were eliminated.

Thus objection was removed on the part of anyone who would hesitate to frame and hang copies if such action might imply a membership in an organization which he did not possess.

You can step into the average Atlanta office today and find one of these Codes hung somewhere, and the general response received by the club indicated that this wholesale distribution was greatly appreciated.

lems. The major problems were found to be six in number, growing out of a general condition, namely—that the industry in its transition from the crude pioneer stage to a stabilized business, was carrying with it a personnel whose conception of the industry carried little of service, but much of self—and in the Rotary Code of Ethics we find the remedy in the first, second, and fifth duties of a business man, in that he must consider his vocation worth-while, and as offering a distinct opportunity to serve; that he must improve himself, and at the same time improve his chosen vocation.

Growing out of the first general condition were the other six problems, the first of which was the unscrupulous "fly by night" producers who were flooding the markets with pictures positively detrimental to both the industry and the public; and yet, the theaters were exhibiting these along with those other productions of a higher type, and it was generally admitted within the industry that it was necessary to exhibit these pictures in order to make money. In keeping with the third duty as expressed in the Rotary Code, that "I wish no success that is not founded on the highest justice and morality," an order went to every theater manager under this southern company declaring that "we want to make money, but we want to make it helpfully, and not harmfully," and that "pictures are not to be booked in our theaters which are based on scandals, criminal acts, or which star people whose sole value is notoriety. We feel that any other policy would place undue emphasis on lawlessness and immorality."

THE second problem demanding solution lay in the fact that the motion-picture theater must needs deal with a semi-art on a strictly commercial basis. The tactics employed in competition between theaters in many instances had been of the lowest order; but this company, as was brought out in the recent Federal Trade Commission investigation, committed itself unreservedly. It stated to all of its employees that, "we stand ready to co-operate with our competitors in every possible way which may be to our mutual benefit, and the benefit of the industry, and base our competition solely upon the service which we may render to the public," which is well-nigh a paraphrase of the sixth duty of the Rotary Code.

The third problem was that of advertising. Advertising methods had been inherited largely from the circus, and were just recovering from the days of the old Nickelodeon, whose front was plastered with lurid posters of white-slave plays, and plays based upon all forms of commercialized vice. But realizing that "an exchange of goods, service, and ideas for profit is legitimate and ethical only when all parties in the exchange are benefited thereby," a campaign was initiated to teach each theater manager that "until the public accepts advertising as a pledge, it will remain costly in proportion to results"—that "advertising is a definite pledge to the public, and must be lived up to."

The fourth problem lay in the fact that a large number of the patrons of the theater were seeking entertainment and not education, and that another large element of the public were seriously prejudiced against the theater because it offered only entertainment. To observe the fourth duty of the Code, it seemed obligatory that the theater should offer something more than entertainment, good as entertainment may be, in order to win the good will and friendship of the prejudiced elements of the public. In order to accomplish this end Ernest L. Crandall of the New York Public Schools, was brought to Atlanta, Georgia, to work out a definite program for the use of motion-pictures in the classrooms. Burdette G. Lewis, commis-

sioner of Institutes and Agencies, of New Jersey, was brought to Atlanta to formulate a definite program for the use of motion-pictures as corrective agents in reformatories, prisons, and asylums. Chester C. Marshall, of the First Methodist Church, Bridgeport, Conn., was brought to Atlanta to formulate a similar program for the use of motion-pictures in connection with Sunday Schools and churches; and Ralph Hayes, director of New York Community Trust, rendered a similar service in order to make it possible for the theaters to co-operate with the public libraries with a view to stimulating reading on the part of the masses.

THE fifth problem was one of legislation—in well-nigh every state in the south the motion-picture industry was confronted with pending legislation in the form of taxation higher than that proposed for any other industry, and a form of regulation more drastic than that imposed upon any other industry. The cheapest form of lobbying had been employed to meet this situation—a lobbying which attempted to capitalize upon the slightest friendships. In the spirit of the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth duties of the Code, this company virtually abolished this system of defense, and went to work to remove the causes which had led to the agitation, and threw the motion-picture theater upon its own merits before the various state legislatures of the south.

The sixth problem was that of the child and the motion-picture. The public-relations office recognized immediately the impossibility of standardizing an adult amusement so as to adapt it to children. It was found that children constituted only about 13 per cent of the theater's audiences, while approximately 36 per cent of the pictures produced were suitable for children. As a result, the Saturday morning boy's and girl's matinees were inaugurated in some twenty-five southern cities, and are now entertaining more than 250,000 children each year.

Such were the six major problems confronting the newly organized public-relations office. They were disconnected, and utterly lacking in unity, just as they have been presented here. The suggested solutions of each were equally disconnected, and it was apparent that organization must be effected in order that the principles (*Cont'd on page 56*)

A Grace Before Meat

By E. H. J. ANDREWS
Rotarian of Plainview, Texas

FOR every joy of earth and hope of heaven,
For each good gift bestowed on us and ours,
For inspirations sent, ambitions given,
Ideals to climb to, wills to train, and powers
To harness to our tasks—With one accord,
We offer, now, our thanks, O gracious Lord.

For the transcendent privilege of living,
For all the crowding duties of the day,
For every opportunity of giving
To help another on the upward way,
For mercies infinite—With one accord,
We offer, now, our thanks, O gracious Lord.

For minds to cultivate and souls to prove,
For work to do and comforts to enjoy,
For homes to anchor to and worlds to rove,
For all the helpful aids we may employ
The Golden Rule to keep—With one accord,
We offer, now, our thanks, O gracious Lord.

For all the bounty of our table spread,
For each one gathered round our friendly board,
For being, each one, called, through heart and head,
To sanctify our lives, and keep them stored
With true Rotarian grace—With one accord,
We offer, now, our thanks, O gracious Lord.

Rose Marie Blair

*A story demonstrating what the friendly interest
of a Man in a Boy may mean to a Woman*

By MABEL HAMILTON STEEL

Illustrations by A. H. Winkler



PART I

BEN BLAIR died as he had lived—a drunkard. They brought him home one evening to Rosy, his wife, just as she was returning from her day's work. She saw them fumbling at her door when she was still a half block from the shack she called home. Something in her gave a start; it was not surprise, nor fear, and certainly not sorrow. It might have been relief, or it might have been hope. Then she bethought herself of the boys. Carter, at least, would be home, caring for little Tommy, and instinctively desiring to shield them, she broke into a run, and let them into the shack herself.

She gave Ben Blair as decent a burial

as her resources could command. A sordid funeral it was on a cold, miserable, drizzly day in early December. A little crowd of curious neighbors attended and followed the body to its final resting place, all of them a little afraid of the dry-eyed, white-faced Rosy, who stood so cold and erect between two of her boys, ten-year-old Carter, and the baby, Tommy, now five. The oldest boy, Trent, was not there. One or two of the more venturesome accompanied Rosy to her poverty-stricken, cheerless shack, but they were not able to withstand Rosy's silence, the stillness of the woman who according to their own standards of mourning, should be wailing and sobbing with grief. They did their best, trying to solace Rosy with their empty words, yet, feeling, somehow, that solace was not needed there. Realizing finally that their words were falling on deaf ears, they made their departure.

On a broken rocker by a window, Car-

"There was ten-year-old Carter, and the baby, Tommy, now five. . . . They did their best, trying to solace Rosy, with their empty words."

ter sat, watching his mother fearfully. The observing little boy had seen his mother in moods before, had trembled often in a vaguely uneasy yet sympathetic way at things said and done. He had seen her angry, very angry, and many, many times, he had seen her crying. But never had he seen her like this, so deathly white and still, her face cold and expressionless, her eyes unseeing, staring, staring, vacantly. Not a word had she spoken since the beginning of the services in the middle of the afternoon. Tommy, the baby, sensed something wrong, and stifled a childish sob as he looked at her in a sort of terror. But he pushed an overturned box close to his mother's side and sat down, leaning against her, and mechanically, Rosy lifted a hand and began to stroke the child's hair. Over and over and over again, her hand stroked nervously; over and over with toil-worn fingers; over and over until soothed by the motion, Tommy had fallen to sleep. Unconscious even of this, Rosy continued to stroke, staring unseeingly. Stinging tears scorched Carter's eyeballs as he glanced furtively at his mother, and he closed his lids tightly as a tear crept down each cheek, almost holding his breath lest he disturb her.

However, oblivious as she was of her immediate surroundings, Rosy was see-

ing, and thinking. She was seeing pictures of the past, and thinking thoughts of Trent, her oldest boy, and the thoughts and pictures were sadly intermingled. Many a day had passed and many a tear had fallen since "Rose Marie Carter" had promised to "love, honor, and obey" Benjamin Trent Blair, against the wishes of her father and mother, and the warnings of scores of friends. Yes, indeed, Ben Blair was a dashing and handsome fellow. They granted her that. And money in plenty he seemed to have. They granted that, also. And, of course, he was mad about Rose Marie. But there had been many others who were likewise mad about her. Her parents, without being able to fix on anything definite, had not liked Ben. They insisted he

had a weak face, and he had too much of a fondness for the "cup that cheers." Rose Marie laughed, and said she would settle that! Oh, so sure of that, so cocksure, was Rose Marie! Her friends tried to tell her of the wild escapades that young Ben had indulged in, bits of news they had gleaned from husband or sweetheart or brother. Rose Marie would not believe them—disdained to listen to them. And proudly, and gladly, she married him, her wedding the talk of the town, and happily, she went away with him, and the place of her childhood and girlhood knew her no more.

BUT a year later, when death claimed both her beloved father and mother, Rose Marie breathed a prayer of thankfulness, amid her tears, that her first baby, Trent, had just been born, and thus, it was made impossible for her to go back home. Rose Marie had learned many things during the course of that year; and in the years that followed, many more, so that again and again, she thanked God with a dreadful fierceness that frightened her that her parents were gone, and could not suffer over her ignominy. For things were growing worse and worse. She had not been able to tame Ben! His bad habits grew; and very, very shortly, Poverty crept up to the Blair door and that door opened to the Beast when the second child, Carter, was nearly a year old. Ben Blair came home one night, jobless, his last pay check gone, vicious and mean and self-pitying in his deeply drunken state.



Trent
Blair

It was that night that he first struck Rose Marie, and Rose Marie died a natural death, and Rosy came into existence. Now, Rose Marie, an only child, pretty and favored, had not been brought up to be useful, and so in her extremity, there was

nothing to which she could turn to earn a decent and comfortable livelihood. She was stunned by the trick Fate had played her, sick with the thought and dread of the future. Through it all, a morbid gladness persisted, that her parents were not here to see, that they had been spared. A child's cry reached her, roused her to present needs. The spirit of many a mother more heartless than Rosy, has sprung to action at the hungry cry of a helpless babe, and Rosy had two. Rosy took in washings.

The years passed by, during which time they existed and, so it seemed to Rosy, little else. And after a while, the third child, Tommy, came. Rosy's babies, strangely enough under such difficult circumstances, were all beautiful babies, and healthy, and as they grew up, with comely faces beneath their dirt, and shrewd little minds developing, fiercely Rosy told herself, her children would grow up to justify her mad marriage. Her children would be true, she knew! Hating Ben Blair as she grew to hate him, never once did she show this before her boys. Suffered herself that she might spare them, and so build up in them a sort of belief and faith in the father she had provided them. Quixotic, truly, yet Rosy kept it up to the last. Over his ugly jokes and sneers and sarcasms, she had kept the boys in school. Never once had she hoisted the white flag, tired in body and soul and spirit as she so often was. And Trent had entered high school that year.

Now, it was Trent who was failing her. The boy had disappeared on the day his father had been brought home, and she had not seen him since. She had sent Carter out to search for him, and all he could learn was that Trent had been seen last with the town's toughest crowd of youngsters. They were all in their teens; she knew the gang well. Two had already been hailed into court for drunkenness, one had been sent to the Reformatory, two were suspected of petty thievery. Coming as the blow did on the day when she gained her freedom

from a galling duty, Rosy felt it was more than she could stand. She had counted on her sons; especially had she counted on Trent. To have Trent following in the footsteps of his father was a cross which seemed heavier than she could bear.

Without conscious thought of what she was doing, she went about making preparations for Ben's funeral. All the respect of which she was capable, she showed the dead. She mortgaged the labor of her hands for weeks ahead to give him decent burial without charity.

And it was over.

NEVER again could his sullen jeers at her downfall ring in the ears of her children. Never again would his arm be lifted against her. Never again the opportunity for him to instill evil habits of thoughts in the impressionable minds of her three boys. She could not call them his,—theirs. He had never treated them as a father might treat his sons. He had beaten them and abused them, cursed them from babyhood. Now, he was gone. The children were all hers. But the thought brought little warmth. For Trent had been gone two days, and why or where or how, she had not the least idea. Worry and a nameless fear hung heavy on Rosy's heart. He had not been with her when they laid Ben Blair in his final resting place; nobody had seen him; nobody had heard of him. Trent had failed her, but most tragic of all, it seemed she had failed him. She had done the best she knew how, believed she had done everything she could do. But it appeared her best, her all, had not been enough. Carter and Tommy coming on—what had the future in store for them? For her?

The rough, slim, nervous fingers stroked the baby's hair, gently and rhythmically, steadily. Stopped! Watching those fingers with uncanny fascination, Carter jumped when he saw them pause, looked up to his mother's dull eyes focused on the door, outside of which stumbling feet had paused. There were sounds of more than one pair of feet, and Carter curbed his natural boy's curiosity to go and see the cause of the disturbance, to watch his mother's face. He could not take his eyes from that face. Someone fumbled the latch, slowly the door opened in, squeaking noisily. Two sullen-faced youths bore a staggering Trent, a Trent, sick and smelling foully, a sixteen-year-old boy, across the threshold of his mother's door! His companions clutched at the boy as he lurched forward. Mechanically, Rosy's hand left little Tommy's dark hair, slowly raised to a clammy forehead, falteringly brushed across brow and eyes. Then with movements curiously rigid, she got to her feet, and motioned her son's supporters to the bed. She spoke not a word. The two boys let Trent fall on to the bed where he lay a crumpled heap. The room reeked with



"There ain't no Santy Claus!" Butch declared. "No, there ain't! . . . I know there ain't. I set up all night one Christmas and nubuddy come at all!"

the fumes of whiskey. Rosy choked. Tommy, frightened, stifled a half cry. Carter dragged his eyes away from his mother's face, and looked down at the floor. One of the boys spoke.

"Hell of a fella! Hell of a sport! Can't stand the smell of good liquor! Spewin' all over the place at the first

whiff! One tiny little whiff did that!" He gestured contemptuously toward Trent. His companion laughed coarsely. They started toward the door. Stonily, Rosy's lips parted. Life came back to her eyes, and again Carter's eyes became riveted at the transfiguration on her face.

"What?"

It was not a question, and the boys looking at her queerly, went out. Her worn face almost beautiful with a strange glow, Rosy prayed aloud:

"Oh, God, thank you! Thank you for showing me the way out! I never once thought of that!" (*Cont'd on page 58*)

"Number 3333"—and the Code

By GARDNER MACK

I KNOW not whether Laws be right;
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in jail
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year.
A year whose days are long.

With midnight always in one's heart,
And twilight in one's cell,
We turn the crank, or tear the rope,
Each in his separate Hell,
And the silence is more awful far
Than the sound of a brazen bell.

And never a human voice comes near
To speak a gentle word;
And the eye that watches through the door
Is pitiless and hard;
And by all forgot, we rot and rot,
With soul and body marred.

—From "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

THE "trusty" in grey who served the tea to the warden's guests—No. 3333 was used to designate him among some four thousand others in that particular institution—had been born again, as it were, after the court had pronounced sentence on him for obtaining money under false pretenses—and well, let's say he was rechristened No. 3333. But in that old life—way, way back, a very, very proud mother had crooned songs over his curly baby head and called him—when she kissed the curls as she loved to do—called him "Arthur!" And the father, a fine, upstanding, well-to-do doctor, had been mighty proud to boast that the boy he was asking his banker friend to take into his establishment, was the same "Pug" they both had hysterically urged to carry their alma mater's colors to glory for the only touchdown of the annual game.

"Pug" was a great name of the gridiron—it appeared on the All American selections of at least three out of the fifty-seven varieties of immortals scattered over the sporting pages during the middle of that particular December.

Pug didn't wait for the ink on the sheepskin to get dry before going into the bank. He was to be a business man. Everybody in town knew him and the calls on his living, seething, bubbling social time and energy were tremendous.

But there wasn't the action in the bank there had been on the football field. Pug boiled with life! He wanted to go! The boundaries of his town were too small. He must see the world. And after a year, he quit his job in the bank and went out to California. He soon reached the bare bottom of his purse and had to go to work—as any right-minded boy eventually must do under the same circumstances. And he worked with men—the men of the great open spaces one hears so much about! The migratory birds who work

just long enough to get a stake to take them to the next town. Or perhaps they work long enough to suit their fancy and then do not use their earnings to take them to the next place, but "ride the rods." That method of traveling may not be as comfortable as a berth, but it is cheaper. And it has more or less fascination for the type which has red blood surging through its veins and demands action.

THEY'RE a great type—these birds of passage. They are the men who make some of the heroes of a nation in war—men of the same type—the seekers after excitement. Peace time has little fascination for them. The great open spaces call—and they usually answer. They're not all professional tramps. They're not criminals. They're just seething with life—some are time-clock rebels—like Pug. And Pug very shortly joined the rebellion—became one of them. The great open spaces became his habitat. There were

kindred spirits there. Men who understood.

Many a college professor would be surprised at the discussions that take place besides the camp fires of these restless spirits of our highly modern and thoroughly manicured civilization. The adventurer of the type just described is there, along with the professional tramp, the waster, the radical labor agitator, and the criminal—all belonging to the same lodge, the live-and-let-live fellowship. And they do talk, these men, when they meet. There are long hours of talk. They know their world and they have ideas about it. They know the business world and they have ideas about that too. They have a supreme contempt for the wage slave. Their debates range from handouts to sociology—from soup to senates. Living is simple with them.

So it was very easy for youngsters like Pug to imbibe the hard-boiled philosophy of his companions. It was very

easy to follow the arguments of the agitators as to the iniquities of the capitalists. Pug had worked for one of the capitalists long enough to identify the half truths familiar to him in the harangues he heard. He didn't need to be particularly credulous to believe the other half because it was only human nature for him to believe that if the agitator-philosopher knew all of the things that Pug recognized were true about the banking business, then he must also be sure of his facts regarding the part that Pug didn't know. And which the boy felt he hadn't been in the bank long enough to learn.

While the talks confirmed things about banking which he had heard all his life and to which he had paid no attention, Pug didn't exactly become a radical. He laughed at these men who would revolutionize the world. Oh, yes, he knew that the worker had a hard row to hoe. He felt that a man who was a slave to

You Are Reading a True Story

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction" runs an old maxim, and this story by Gardner Mack is one more evidence of the truth of that saying. True in all essential details, "No. 3333" is the story of an inmate of one of the large state prisons of the United States—the story of a college-bred man, who, placed in circumstances where a first misstep was easy, followed it with a second misstep in order to "get even," as he thought, with society. The only part of the story differing from actual fact is the prisoner's name.

About a year ago THE ROTARIAN conducted a symposium in which three prizes were given for the best letters testifying to the actual rewards experienced as a result of practicing Rotary's motto "Service Above Self." At that time the prisoner whom Gardner Mack writes about in this story sent in the letter which won the second prize. Quoting an extract from that letter, "No. 3333" said:

"The law of society was, to me, a structure to be broken with impunity—that is, if the policeman was not around. I think I had reached the parting of the roads, the place where one word could either save or condemn. I was serving a sentence for crime and it was not my first sentence to a penal institution. Not yet had I decided whether it was more profitable to conform to society's laws or to go on disregarding them and making a living without sweating toil. I saw the attractions of both the conformist's and non-conformist's life and had not determined which of these life ideas to adhere to."

Furthermore, within the last few weeks, "No. 3333" has been released from prison, his sentence having expired, and this year he will enjoy the first Christmas spent outside prison walls in seven years.—THE EDITORS.

office hours was an abject sort of thing. He knew that "business is business"—very unfortunate for the unfortunates and very fortunate for the fortunates—but nevertheless *Business* with a capital "B," just like that. He knew all this. He also knew of several "deals" that had been put through during his own brief business career—legitimate deals, understand. One in particular he remembered, where a banker had learned of certain proposed extensions of railroad and traction systems through his personal friendship with their directors, and had quietly bought, at a low figure, land abutting thereon and had then sold for a high figure. "High finance," that sort of thing was called. His agitator friends had injected the thought into him that nobody ever lost anything save the consumer—the wage slave—the white collar, family man. And he was the pawn for everybody to play with.

Then one day, when Pug didn't feel the urge to work but did have the urge to get somewhere other than where he was, he remembered that in his banking days he had learned how negotiable paper was put through the clearing house and all that sort of thing. And so he felt that as long as the consumer could pay the banker, who really didn't need it, and the railroad directors, who also didn't need it—why the consumer might stand just a little more tax and pay Pug's way. Easy stuff!

And the ease with which his banking knowledge enabled him to dispose of his hand-made "negotiable" paper was ridiculous. So Pug went from place to place. He was absolutely independent of everything and everybody. If he felt like it he stopped at the best hotels and traveled in Pullmans. If he felt the urge to join the old crowd—why, all he needed was pen and paper for either of one. And so he traveled until one day he didn't go quite far enough from the last place, and a very righteous judge, with the aid of an indignant prosecuting attorney and an outraged jury, changed his name to a number. He was young and he was given an indeterminate sentence.

In prison he was a good prisoner—but sullen and resentful. He couldn't quite see the justice of the elective judge and the elective attorney who had released several prisoners because they "controlled" votes or were valuable to "the organization"—prisoners who had been, in plain language, "burglars"; some there were who had assaulted women. He couldn't see exactly why they should be released on technical points and he was sent to the "pen" for simply taking his chance in a much more gentlemanly game—and taking his money from people who could much more easily afford it.

But there was a big difference between the four walls of the cell with its steel-barred door—and the great open spaces! More or less of a joke at first—a happenstance—a bad break in luck. And then, after a few days, a rather irritat-

ing thing. There are many little things that aren't, in prison, that get fearfully on one's nerves. There are so many, many things that aren't—in prison! He went to chapel and listened with rather critical ears to the sermons of the chaplain. Occasionally he talked with the chaplain. And the sermons and talks reverted his mind back to the classroom where he had swallowed his daily dose of general psychology for four years. And back to the ancient history that had more or less interested him.

THREE had been a member of the faculty in the chair of ancient history, he recalled, who was a bit of a poet and who made much of the philosophy of history and the origin of religious symbols and folk-songs and legends. It was said of him in college that he should have been in the chair of literature rather than history—but nevertheless he was a world-wide authority on history. Also this professor had the reputation of being a bit of an atheist—at least the world called him that, although no one knew more religion than he—nor more of the religious philosophies. And Pug was doing considerable thinking about it—in his cell—when he was most irritated by the little things that aren't—in prisons. He remembered the professor had said that only a very few of the many religious philosophies that had been developed had survived sufficiently to be passed on through very many generations. Any maker of a catch phrase could find a religion, in ancient days as now, the "prof" had said, for mental processes hadn't changed since men stopped swinging from trees by their tails.

And so Pug amused himself by keeping tab on the chaplain and noting the variations of phrases that he used. He noted the different inflections he used in

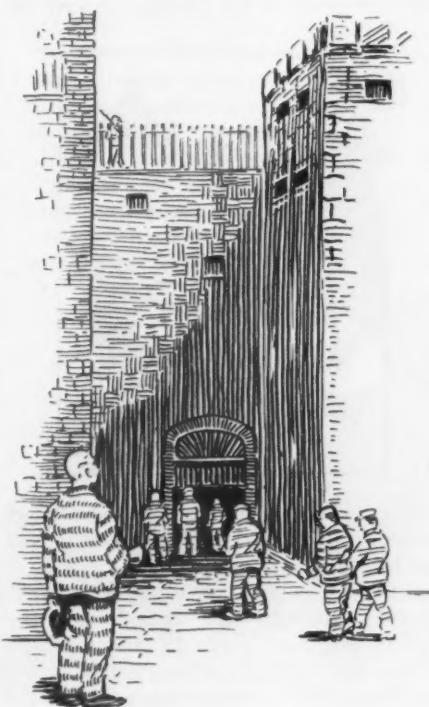
repeating the catch phrases of Christianity. And he felt satisfied with himself and his old "prof" when he also noted that the chaplain usually said the same thing in the same way, and would repeat himself—in the same tones, inflections, and phrases—without being conscious of it. Pug's general psychology told him that the chaplain was simply following a mental routine. Then he began to notice that most of the people who came to the prison in religious or welfare endeavor used the same tones and inflections and phrases that the chaplain used, and he came to the conclusion that a great part of religion was simply mental routine.

Pug had a season of questioning the sincerity and honesty of the chaplain—a tired, routine sort of man. But he dropped this suspicion. The chaplain was sincere enough. So were the welfare people. He knew the chaplain had a family to support and that he was working for a salary. Soul-saving was a business with him, and he made it a business to earn his pay and feed his family—that was his habit of mind.

The welfare people were mostly people who couldn't take any particular interest in golf or bridge or music or the "movies." Earnest people. Sincere people. They really made sacrifices to visit the prisons and give good advice to the prisoners—to adjure them to go straight when they were released—and to obey the prison rules so they could get released the quicker through the very admirable parole system the welfare workers as a body had made possible for prisoners who obeyed the rules. Not a particularly healthy line of thought for a man—in or out of prison, one might say. But a more or less usual line of thought for a healthy man cut off suddenly from his source of health—the great open spaces—and penned up within four walls with a number instead of a name, and a rigid routine that impressed upon him the fact that he was being segregated from society because he had offended it—offended its smugness and security of property—according to Pug's philosophical evolutions. But this trend of mind was a passing thing. It just took the place of the things that aren't for a little while. It was too picayunish to occupy one long.

The main thing to think about was how to get out—and get even! Those were the big questions. To break out required considerable effort, and was attended always with the idea that one must be forever laying low and avoiding places. Whereas the admirable parole system offered a chance to get out with reasonable quickness and security. And once out—well, there would not be any more mistakes! Society would have to pay—not just overtime, but double time, for the time spent in the "pen." Its smugness must be dented just a little bit. It would be a great game, getting even. There is nothing in the world quite so

(Continued on Page 46)





The Blackest Christmas

A Story of the Cub—and of the Invisible Gift

By CHARLES ST. JOHN

NOW behold a certain man hied him unto the bazaars, for it was the season of the giving of gifts. And the slaves of his household followed after him, and in his hand he bore a great papyrus whereon was writ the names of the friends of his bosom, and the names of his kindred they were also writ thereon.

Wherefore the man sought out many traders and did haggle with them for long hours, for it was in his mind that he would buy him a gift for each of those whose names were writ on the papyrus. And because he was a worthy man and of good heart he did persist in his buying so that the slaves which followed him were heavy laden.

Now being come to the end of his list he gazed upon his own name for that was writ last. And the man wondered concerning himself, and concerning the thing which he should buy. Wherefore he dismissed his slaves saying, "Take thou these gifts and get thee home and say unto my wife that I will follow in a little while." And he was left to ponder these things in his mind. *

THE office door slammed behind the big genial man, a couple of clippings, lifted by the draft, volplaned gracefully off the Cub's desk and were lost in the débris littering the floor, while the Cub cursed viciously. Of course there was no excuse for that sulphurous remark—nor was there cause for its elaboration when the Cub bumped his head on the desk while searching for the elusive clippings. A clear-eyed, healthy young fellow like the Cub should simply have grinned at such little idiosyncrasies of newspaper life—only somehow that additional bit of trouble seemed typical of the day's series of mishaps. Altogether, the Cub decided, it was enough to drive a man to distraction.

It had started with a cut chin from the

morning shave. Of course, shaving is a nuisance, but at twenty-one it is still a ritual also. Something which stamps one as a full-grown and very mature person, a person worthy of association with a big metropolitan paper. Association, however, was about all there was between the Cub and his paper—for so far everyone from the managing editor to the copy-boys had exhibited a singular indifference to the Cub's potentialities.

Yes, the Cub thought, as he replaced the recovered clippings on the battered desk, it wasn't only because he had slept too long that morning. (The insistent clamour of the alarm clock had driven him from his bed still half asleep.) Perhaps it was the aftermath of the night before? Real reporters had to be a little Bohemian, and one couldn't refuse the attraction of the jovial company of

shuffle at this big game. Some people even seemed mildly amused when you tried to impress them with your importance. Of course, when you got to be a star reporter, like the elegant Harris, you got the big money and the good assignments. Why anybody could write frong page stuff and get by with assignments like that. But what did they give the Cub? Nothing but one eternal round of suave, manicured, and Stacombed clerks who threw you a curt "Nothing today" between calls for bell-hops. Nothing but a daily mess of clippings which had to be rewritten on a "mill" that was just a junk pile. But, of course, he was misunderstood. Why even Margie couldn't see—Oh, Lord!

WITH a vigorous swing the Cub slammed the carriage of the offending typewriter over for a last line. Tossing his copy on the city editor's desk, the Cub lit a cigarette and resumed his moody reflections. All around him the life of the editorial room was gathering strength for the evening struggle between the news and the deadline. Telegraphic-typewriters churned away at long strips of "flimsy"; pale-faced operators peered out from under green eyeshades as they rattled the sounders; the vivid blonde at the switchboard gave shrill advice without halting the rapid interchange of plugs; at the horseshoe table, copy-readers were filling paste-pots and sharpening thick pencils; department editors tore impatiently at their mail; tousled copy-boys scuffled in a corner; and the gray-jowled printer offered grimy proof to Harvey the city editor, who sat stolidly in his swivel chair—a modern Buddha with a corn-cob pipe.

A curt command from Harvey sent the Cub hustling for the elevator. While waiting for old Jimmy to bring the creaking conveyance to the eighth floor, the Cub reflected that this new assignment was doubtless due to that big ruddy in-



his associates. But he had come away broke. Luck and he, it seemed, had parted company.

Luck? Yes—that was it: he'd never known that individual since he left the little home-town paper to take a job on a metropolitan daily. Even bright young gentlemen of the press were lost in the

dividual whose exuberant door-swinging had scattered the clippings. A Santa Claus sort of man, the Cub decided with a faint sneer. Santa Claus! Yes, there would be a lot of that in the atmosphere just now. It would be Christmas soon. Soon? Why it was only two days off—and the Cub was nearly broke!

Small wonder that the Cub's bitter reflections made him ignore the cheery greeting of the old elevator man. Small wonder that he dashed out into the gloom and drizzle of the street, leaving old Jimmy shaking his white head. "It would be a gurrl, now," muttered the old man—but that was only part of it.

Yet the Cub was thinking of a girl—or rather of The Girl, as he swung his lithe body through the press of shoppers. It was partly because of Margie that it hurt so much to seem a failure at twenty-one. Margie, who had been so very glad—and yet a little sorry, too—when the Cub got his chance on the Standard. Margie—yes, the Cub thought, there might still be a chance with Margie—if it were not for Fat Ransom. Probably Fat would be at her door tonight—honking impatiently from his father's big car, while the Cub hadn't even a flivver with which to offer competition. Probably Fat would take her to dine and dance. The idea of the graceful Margie being dragged around the floor by this too-prosperous individual who danced like a Mississippi side-wheeler, was too much. The Cub's teeth clicked sharply, and he resolutely abandoned his private affairs in favor of the work in hand.

DODGING groups of plump housewives, who had a special fondness for holding long conversations in the middle of the sidewalk, eluding whizzing taxis and lumbering drays; dodging the children and dogs who were always getting bewildered by the crowd and halting abruptly right at one's feet; the Cub grinned sardonically at the shivering Santa Claus, ringing a bell beside a great pot; and turned off to one of a score of big hotels that he knew so well. But did he know it? It seemed that the ornate and chilly splendor of the hotel lobby had altered overnight. Evergreens and red ribbons lent a touch of warmth and life to the marble columns; the great plate-glass windows were packed with an assortment of toys; two or three extra desks had been placed in the lounge; and at these desks a few bright-faced girls were busy with piles of cards

and boxes of toys. What was all this about?

And then he knew. Why, of course, this must be the Santa Claus Association—the "uplift outfit" he was to get a story about. This must be the cause of the big man's visit to the city editor—



the reason why Harvey had commanded the Cub to drop his rewrites and get out on the street.

With a weary tolerance the Cub looked around for someone in charge and soon selected a buxom white-haired woman as the center of the activity. With a grave dignity due his estimation of his own importance he jammed his way through the crowd and informed her of his errand. His brief demand for a story met with a gracious response—not, as he thought, because of any recognition of his importance, but because he was, as the star reporter had once said, "really a likeable young ass."

Sitting there making notes, the Cub felt a sudden desire to linger. The hotel lounge was very comfortable, the white-haired matron was "really worth while," and somehow the Cub felt a bit curious about all this "uplift." He was even conscious of an idiotic desire to wind up a few of the mechanical toys—but the idea was promptly squelched as unworthy of a calloused newspaper man.

While they still sat there the Cub found his attention focused on an old man with wide, bowed shoulders and a very shabby greenish-black coat. A man with a weather-beaten face and

haunted eyes; a man whose work-worn hands fumbled nervously at a tattered sealskin cap.

"Look," said the executive secretary, "there's that Northwest-Mounted man again. Will you excuse me for a minute?"

As she crossed the glittering tiles to speak to her shabby protégé, the Cub began to wonder a little. Northwest Mounted? Just what—oh, yes, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police—the men who patrolled a vast territory up north—the heroes of a hundred stories and movies—why there might be—there must be—a story in it. The Cub snapped upright, his enjoyment of the comfortable lounge forgotten. The visitor, he noticed, was leaving, and was taking a big parcel with him. Now what—?

WHEN the secretary returned the Cub was an animated question mark, and as she smilingly answered his eager queries the youngster's eyes grew bright and his nostrils dilated. Funny little chills were chasing up and down the Cub's spine; he was conscious of a slight prickling sensation at the back of his neck. For there was a story.

It appeared that the despondent man had once been Sergeant Brown, a stalwart trooper of the Mounted. More, Brown had seen active service on the South African veldt. He had begged to be sent to the front during the World War, but calmly critical medical officers had refused him anything more exciting than the home defence. Good! Furthermore, Brown was now out of work—down on his luck. No one heeded his desperate pleas for something—anything—that would bring an honest living. Better! Attracted by the toy display in the window Brown had entered hoping that—somehow—with the help of the Association, he might send a few toys to his little girl in the distant South.

But why were father and daughter separated? Again the executive secretary was generous with information. Brown's scanty funds had dwindled until they proved insufficient to support his family. So the mother had gone to work once more as a waitress. But this additional sacrifice had not availed them much, the pay was too small to support the three of them. (*Continued on page 50*)



Have a Hobby—Ride It Hard!

Do you say "I can't afford a hobby," or "I haven't time" or are you one of those who have ridden it to success

By HARRY BOTSFORD

NOT long ago the writer had occasion to interview one of the leading neurologists of America, located in one of the large Atlantic Coast cities. He is one of the three or four acknowledged leaders in his chosen branch of the medical profession and when he discusses ailments of the nerves he speaks as an authority.

We were discussing that type generally known as "the tired business man." This physician knows the class well as his practice is very largely confined to them.

"Men come to me from every walk of life," he said. "They come to me with nerves frayed and constitutions seriously run down; some of them are verging on a complete breakdown—a breakdown not only of the mental and physical type but a breakdown of the very moral and spiritual fibers. Mine is a sad profession—trying to patch up trouble of that nature.

"When a man goes to pieces because of what laymen term 'nerves' there is the very devil to pay: the man's business suffers, his family suffers and he, himself, suffers the torments of the damned—it's expensive business letting your nerves go to pieces.

"Worst of all, it's downright foolish; Fully ninety-nine per cent of my cases could have avoided it by the practical application of just one commonsense rule. Men permit themselves to become deeply absorbed in their business or profession—they devote all of their time to working at it, to thinking of it—they forget all else. They double-team their mental power and underwork certain portions of their body and mind. Then comes a day when they must pay the reckoning and by the time the debt is paid they discover that their concentration and long hours failed to achieve any real good.

"I have handled thousands of cases of nerve trouble in business and professional men and I have yet to have a single case of nerve trouble from a man who has a hobby and who rides it hard and with regu-

larity! Consequently, my most frequent prescription is absolute rest, relaxation, and the adoption of a hobby—and that prescription has given added years of healthy and useful life to my patients."

* * * * *

Time was when the business or professional man with a hobby was looked upon as a waster or a plain unvarnished "nut." Back in years gone the business man might indulge in a half-hearted way in stamp-collecting, but besides that he had no interests outside the field of endeavor in which he was engaged. Even today it is surprising to check up on business men whom one knows and to discover that only a few of them have hobbies. Of course many of them take up golf but golf or any other sport cannot rightly be considered as a hobby as they are largely seasonable.

"I cannot afford to waste time riding a hobby," the average business man will answer when the matter is put up to him. So long as the a.b.m. harbors that belief he will always be an average business man and after forty his usefulness is going to be rather limited and he will be cheating himself out of hours of happiness and care-free existence.

It has been my good fortune to know, more or less intimately, some rather big

men—leaders in their respective fields. To a man they have hobbies—and they did not start the hobby business after they had achieved success, either; it started back in the days when they were struggling to get their feet firmly placed on the lower rungs of the ladder of success. And who is there who can say that their ability to think clearly and accurately was not stimulated by their strict adherence to riding their hobby?

A HOBBY must be ridden—it is not a thing to lightly dabble with in odd moments—riding it, too, will bring you some place. I can cast about in my book of friendships and easily cite several instances where the hobby of a sincere man has taken him into the high places.

In a small town in one of the Southern states a young chap worked in a store. He was just an ordinary clerk and yet he was blessed with a healthy and husky ambition to get ahead. His chances, one might say, were limited and confined. The store was small; the town less than 3,000—but these items did not blot out the fires of ambition.

One day the management of the store bought a duplicating machine—a machine to duplicate, by means of stencils, typewritten letters and hand-lettered sales literature. Ed—which happens to

be his name—was at once taken with the new machine and its possibilities. That machine became his hobby. He spent long hours in studying it and stretching its possibilities. He experimented at night after the store was closed and from this experimentation he turned out some of the finest work ever made on a machine of this type. He conceived a house organ for his employer which began to increase business at the rate of 30 per cent a year and that house organ was a work of art—one of the best examples of work ever turned out by a duplicating machine. And Ed got a heap of fun out of his hobby.

Examples of his work were sent to the manufacturer of the machine; a well-known business magazine sent a man down to the little city to see Ed and one issue carried the story

What Is Your Hobby?

HARRY BOTSFORD in his interesting article which begins on this page says first "Have a hobby—then ride it hard!" Pretty good philosophy. It will not only save doctor's bills but will prevent many cases of "nerves"; also it will enable the business man and the professional man to relieve their minds of many of the cares of their work, enabling them to concentrate more clearly on the matters that pass across their desks.

What is your hobby? How did you come to take it up? What has it developed into? Perhaps it is book-collecting, or photography, or gardening, or auto mechanics. Perhaps in this modern age it may be the radio or perhaps you are still interested in that "museum" that you started when a boy, of fossils and flints and the hundred and one curios of various kinds.

Not unfrequently we find a man somewhere who has developed his hobby into a real money-making business—a business that has grown to such an extent that it has overshadowed the work in which he was originally engaged. Perhaps you belong to this group.

Write and tell us about your hobby. If it brings joy and provides entertainment, give others a chance to share it. If it is something decidedly out of the ordinary, write us about it, and give others a chance to get in on something that will bring pleasure and perhaps help keep the doctor away. Letters should be received on or before January 10th and should not be more than 600 words in length. A selection of letters will be printed in the February number.

of the little house organ. Then came an offer from the manufacturer to come to an Ohio city and act as sales manager of the concern—one of the largest in the country. Today Ed is filling that job and he is doing it exceptionally well, too. Some jump from a clerk in a little tank town to being sales manager of a nationally known concern!

Five years ago a friend of mine suddenly became interested in his home—that statement may cause some of you to smile, but all the same there are plenty of men who are not particularly interested in their homes. It happened, at this particular time, that my friend had some spare time on his hands and he used it very nicely in riding his hobby—that of making a home more attractive.

He refinished several pieces of furniture; he wielded the paint and varnish brush with considerable skill; he planted flowers and shrubs—for year after year. He increased the value of his property almost 100 per cent by the simple expenditure of time and work. He became enthusiastic about his results and he passed the word on to certain of his friends who followed his advice and who frequently sought him for more. He became known—in a small way—as an authority on matters relating to his hobby. It was enjoyable work—a very satisfactory hobby in every respect. Then one day he followed a friend's advice and started working on some practical articles for household magazines covering his hobby. The articles, almost without exception, were accepted and published.

As a climax, a publisher called on him and offered him the editorial chair of a new publication about to be launched covering the home field. The salary offered almost took away his breath, but he accepted as he knew he would enjoy the work; he had complete confidence that he could handle the job and he realized that it would permit him to still ride his pet hobby. He is still at it—and doing exceptionally well, for the magazine started from scratch and now has a circulation of over 300,000. And thus did a hobby make a good editor out of a poor lawyer!

A half-dozen other cases could be cited which would prove conclusively that hobbies often bring a monetary reward. Their real reward, however, lies in their ability to make men relax and to forget business for a brief spell.

What an infinite variety of hobbies men ride! One of my friends is the head of a public-service corporation and he probably knows more about birds and bees than anyone else in our city. He takes

frequent walks through the woods and fields and studies first-hand. His hobby brings him health and exercise—physical and mental. He is a brilliant talker and recently spoke for a half-hour before the local Rotary club on bees—and there wasn't a dull moment in his talk, either!

There's an actor—one of the biggest, too—who has a unique hobby. Go into his dressing-room in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia or elsewhere and you will find him, pipe in mouth, working at whittling out a model of a sailing vessel. He makes ship models that are gems of work—perfect in proportion—and his summer home on the coast of Maine is filled with examples of his work. He claims that his hobby helps him pass the time between acts; that it gives his mind a rest and that it keeps him fit, mentally; and knowing the difficulty of the rôles which he plays and realizing the fidelity of his portrayals one is led to believe that his hobby is very much worth while.

Not long ago the writer had occasion to interview the owner of a big string of coal mines. These mines represent some of the best in the entire state of Pennsylvania and the operator is well known. Instead of handling his operation from the confines of a luxurious office in Pittsburgh or New York he prefers to let others handle that end of it while he devotes his time to the practical end of the work. He lives very modestly, for the most part, in an old farmhouse which he has turned into a clubhouse for his mine executives.

EVENINGS and in the early mornings you will find him in his flower garden back of the house—a dirty, disheveled figure, grubbing in the dirt amid his flowers. But he is happy; and he is supremely healthy—and he is past sixty, too. He specializes in gladioli and the specimens which he raises are perfect in detail and gorgeous in variegated and rich coloring. Ten—yes, twenty years from now I believe that man will be healthy and vigorous both mentally and physically.

I have a friend who is a physician in a little country town. He is one of the most overworked men in my circle of friends. He is the only doctor in the little town. He is called in the middle of the night, before breakfast, and at all unreasonable hours to make long trips in the country. This happens in all extremes of weather. He wears out a car in jig-time; his saddle horses have a hard time of it in the winter. He is under a constant physical and mental strain, yet his hands are steady and his brain is clear—and, he has, in an emergency, performed, single-handed major operations in the middle of the night, by lamp-light and without the aid of an operating table.

His hobby is one which he rides hard. It is photography of nature in all its phases. His camera case goes with him as does his medicine and instrument case. His collection of nature photographs is unusually large and of uniform excellence. Riding or driving along country roads he is constantly on the alert for subjects. His hobby keeps his mind off the perplexities of his work and it enables him to be mentally alert and that mental alertness means that he is able to correctly and accurately diagnose, to act swiftly and surely.

One of the queer angles of this matter of hobbies is that the man who rides one usually does it unusually well. This is obviously due to the fact that the hobby is enjoyable in every sense. Yet there are decided exceptions to the rule. One friend of mine in the advertising business (Continued on page 49)

The Message of the Dawn

By CHES. SHULTZ
Rotarian of Staunton, Va.

STREAKS of gold in trembling beauty
Rise above the mountain's height,
And the tints of all the roses
Mingle in the mellow light.

Hushed the air in solemn stillness,
Save the notes of mating birds,
And the perfume of the springtime
Carries Nature's mystic words:

"Hope I bring to thee each morning,
New-born from the fields of light—
Gone may be thy vexing failures
With the passing of the night.

"Parched and dry on yester-ev'ning
Was my bosom in the sun,
And my verdure was all withered—
All its freshness spent and gone.

"But behold me now, made over
By the magic of the dark—
Shining in my ev'ry dew-drop
Is a star's caressing spark.

"Take a lesson from my dawning,
When the shadows darkest are,
And you'll find that somewhere shining
Is the lustre of a star.

"In the darkened night of failure
There is wisdom for the dawn;
Fraught with strength is ev'ry sorrow
For the soul to lean upon."

On the silver wings of morning
Came this message of the spheres,
And it soothed my spirit's yearning
Through the passing of the years.



PHOTOS: BY CHARLES SNOW, BOULDER, COLO.

A typical scene at "Camp Rotary," a boys' camp sponsored by the Rotary Club of Boulder, Colorado. Buried deep in a canyon in the Rocky mountains, the camp is far removed from outside influences. Different groups of boys have the use of the camp for different periods during the summer months and for the past two seasons one group has lived out in the open air as Indians, learning their customs, the Indian art of woodcraft, Indian exercises, and pursuing other healthful and educational activities. The photograph shows a round-up of the "Indians" for a pow-wow of their chiefs.

A Rotary "Indian" Camp

A unique example of Boys Work that pays big dividends

By JOHN T. BARTLETT

THE Boulder Rotary Club could have selected a site for its permanent boys' camp, Camp Rotary, within six miles, or even narrower radius, of Boulder. The city crowds up close to the mountains; the principal business street, Pearl, takes the motorist right into a magnificent mountain canyon.

Instead, with judgment proved sound, the club leased land twenty-two miles from Boulder, in a relatively remote spot. The route "in" follows the Boulder-Nederland main mountain highway as far as Tungsten, a small postoffice. Then over the mountains it goes to a point on North Boulder Creek. Here the altitude is something like 8,500 feet. There are snow-drifts within a short distance of the camp all the year.

The Rotary Club's idea in selecting a camp location this

distance from the outer world was to remove the boys as completely as possible from outside influences. From Tungsten "in," the road is one established to serve mining properties. Hardly any of the tourists and pleasure traffic which on Sundays and holidays crowd the Boulder canyon road gets in to Camp Rotary. When visitors do come, they come on business. Even the presence of the boy's camp brought very few visitors.

Here, in a typical Rocky Mountain environment, there is every opportunity to accomplish with the boys, through intercourse with one another and with camp leaders, those commendable aims which the Boulder Rotary Club is pursuing.

All these Boulder boys can be expected in later life to have more or less intercourse with the mountains. Life is

safe in them—if the boy, youth, or man knows how to handle himself. Life sometimes isn't safe for the unappreciative and the unversed. One of the Boulder Club's aims is to teach boys how to handle themselves in the mountains.

Other aims have to do with the health of youngsters, with their social relations with one another, with their ethical development. Through a camp-leader system unusually complete, and an environment which affords, on the one hand, hikes to glaciers, mountain climbing, fishing, and, on the other such city games as horseshoes and baseball, the Boulder Club feels that it is unusually successful in attaining their objective with their boys.

Myron Snow, a member, had charge of the commissary throughout the past season, and was also camp leader for one of the three periods into which each season is divided. Speaking of the influence of the camp, he told the writer something of the work.

"Not a boy was with us for a ten-day period," he said, "but showed the physical good effects of the camp life. In some cases, the change brought about was remarkable."

"Another camp influence which impressed me strongly was the help given to timid boys. We had several of these



Ralph Hubbard—expert in Indian lore, in the typical headdress of an Indian chieftain.



Above—Indian ceremonial war dance staged by the boys of "Camp Rotary." At right—Ralph Hubbard, the camp instructor, in the full dress costume of an Indian chieftain.

little chaps, whose shyness was painful to observe. When they first came they hardly dared speak to a strange boy, or to the camp leader. They never asked for a second helping at meals.

"It was astonishing how quickly these boys were cured of shyness. When they left they were as impetuous as wild Indians, and as fully and completely 'one of the crowd' as any of the boys.

"We had two ten-day periods and one fourteen-day period. We had some misgivings at the start that it would be difficult to keep the boys constantly interested; that camp life would become stale with them; that there would be quarreling and other ill effects. We found such a condition totally impossible when carefulness is exercised. Let the camp leader realize this as one of his problems, and plan to handle it, and the boys will leave the camp as keen and interested in things as the first day they came."

DURING the first ten-day period it cost the Rotary Club 50 cents a day to feed the boys. During the second period it cost 60 cents a day. The third-period costs ran higher, owing to inadvertent loss of some supplies. Mr. Snow figures that it should be easy with calculation to keep food costs down to 50 to 60 cents a day.

Boulder Rotary uses the camp-leader system. This automatically secures greater uniformity of interest in groups, besides facilitating the recruiting of the boys. The first group this year was the Y. M. C. A. group, in charge of a Y. M. C. A. leader. The second group was a general group, led by Myron Snow. The third group was the "Indian" group, led by Ralph Hubbard, who has a national reputation for his work in putting on Indian pageants with boys, and for his knowledge of Indian games, customs, etc. Though the pursuit of his unusual work takes him all over America, Hub-

bard is a Boulder man.

He possesses much Indian "property"—tepees, head-dresses, moccasins, and other equipment.

Hubbard was a leader at the Rotary Camp in 1922, as well as the leader the past season. His method of leading boys is unique in a great many respects. First of all, the youngsters use real tepees for sleeping quarters, instead of the log cabin and bunkhouse used, a part of the time at least by boys of the other groups. "Part of the time" is used here, for the reason that when weather was favorable the boys insisted on going up among the mountain pines and sleeping with the sky for a roof. There are five of Hubbard's big tepees, twelve feet in diameter, also the "medicine tepee."

In charge of the occupants of each tepee, a tepee chief was appointed. It was his duty to see to the smoke-flap, supervise the getting of firewood, making of beds, and other routine duties.

The big "medicine tepee" was used for meetings around the campfire. Here Hubbard talked of Indian customs, of the duties of a good Indian toward his companions, of birds, and trees, and woodcraft.

A method which Hubbard uses to keep the boys "on their toes" throughout the camp period is a contest. Final proficiency tests are held in the different things taught, including tracking and Indian dancing. The boy with the highest points during the past summer re-



ceived a pair of genuine beaded Indian moccasins—a rare prize to the boy interested in Indian lore. The boy with the second highest number of points was awarded a beaver-skin bag, and the third boy was given an ermine eagle plume.

Dancing was taught with the boys wearing full Indian costumes. Whenever the spirit of the thing was engendered by Indian costume, the latter was donned.

Much of Hubbard's instruction in woodcraft, birds, etc., was given on the hike, spontaneously, just as

the natural opportunity for it arose.

Indian games made a big hit with the boys. One game of which, seemingly, they could never have enough was the Hoop game. The hoops for this game made by the boys, were of willow, and the game was played under Hubbard's instruction. There were five different hoops. Two were some eight inches in diameter, and to one of these was tied a gay-colored cloth. The other hoops were approximately 14 inches, 18 inches and 2 feet in diameter. Colored cloth was tied to each of them.

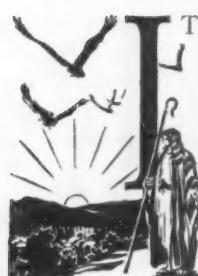
Other equipment for the game consisted of spears—long, light and pointed sticks.

TWO gangs of boys would line up in two parallel rows, facing each other. Down the lane a boy would roll one of the hoops. The "stunt" was for a boy of the side whose turn it was to spear, to hurl his stick through the rolling hoop and bring it to a stop. The number of points awarded depended on the particular hoop. There was a maximum of 10 points for the plain smallest hoop, 6 points for the (Continued on page 42)



The Lonely Vigil by the Side of the Road

By E. L. DEVENDORF
Rotarian of Berkeley, California



TWAS four years ago at the Christmas season, I was with a group of men who had been in the overseas service.

A question arose:

"What did you do last Christmas day?"

And one told of his experience.

On the day before Christmas, he and a companion started from a detached army camp to make a long trip, with a motor truck much in need of repairs, to a village where expert help was to be had. After traveling most of the afternoon the wind began to blow and one of those mean biting sleet-and-snow storms set in. About this time, the truck developed an army mule's disposition and refused to proceed unaided.

The time was late, Christmas Eve was near, and no assistance or friendly tow came their way. Finally it was decided that there was nothing to be done except that one of them should walk on to the village, get the broken parts repaired, and return by what means he could find, while the other stayed with the truck. For it was the rule that whoever found a loose truck or a mule or any other thing that it belonged to him. It fell to this man to remain with the truck and so he told how he sat in the truck sheltered from the wind. Then finding that too

cramped, how he stood behind the truck for a time that seemed hours. Finally he crawled into the seat and tried to pull his overcoat both up over his ears and down over his feet. In that cramped position he tried to go to sleep.

But sleep he found was impossible and so he got out and walked back and forth along the road wondering what had become of his partner and why he did not return. There in the night and the cold he thought of home and fire, and Christmas Eve.

As he walked he came upon a little French shrine at the side of the road. There to keep himself warm he built a small fire and then searched the fields until he found a small bough of a tree. This he carried back and set up by the fire for his lonely Christmas tree and then for want of presents he searched the fields again and returned with a cast-off helmet, an empty can, and a discarded bayonet.

Then with bits of string he tied these to the "tree" and from his notebook took scraps of paper and wrote—"To Jack from Dad." Thus he remembered all the family at home. There by the side of the road as the Spirit of Christmas rode on the wings of night, he kept his Christmas vigil. In the early hours of the morning his companion returned, they fixed the truck, but before they started on their return, he relighted the fire and on the tree hung a note of Merry Christmas for whoever might travel the road that day.



IT WAS Christmas Eve. Had it not been Christmas Eve these things could never have happened, which makes this a very different kind of a yarn from most Christmas tales that I am familiar with.

This was really Christmas Eve; Labor Day or even New Year's Eve wouldn't do for the purpose at all; but, as Mr. William Perkins stopped in front of a lighted shop window and consulted a card which he took from his pocket he had no thoughts whatever in regard to the season.

To Mr. Perkins it was a matter of entire indifference that throughout the world nearly everybody was expecting to receive, on the morrow, just a little bit more than they had felt that they were able to give.

To Mr. Perkins, Christmas

meant nothing at all. For years he and society had been at war with each other and why then, should he interest himself in any of society's sentimentalities? There being no reason why he should, the approximate result was that he didn't, and the consequent result was that while most people were selfishly wondering what they were going to have given to them, Mr. Perkins was selfishly wondering just what, or how much, he was going to be able to take away from them, because his profession, at which he was eminently successful, was that of a high-class burglar.

The card which Mr. Perkins took from his pocket and which he read with care had written on it only these few words: "James Williamson, Apartment 8, the Belvedere. Wealthy bachelor. Carries big roll. Elevator to 4th floor. Pass key B-46. No bolts."

All of this being easy to understand and Mr. Perkins having, during the day, equipped himself with pass key B-46, he now walked across the street to the



Mr. Perkins' Christmas

A Story of Burglarious Service

By OWEN P. WHITE

Illustrations by Clarence C. Vollmer

Belvedere, entered the elevator and, at his request, was carried up to the fourth floor.

At exactly three minutes past twelve on Christmas morning he inserted pass key B-46 in the lock on the door of apartment eight and less than thirty seconds thereafter he was inside of the room of Mr. James Williamson.

In what followed Mr. Williamson played a minor part. In fact he played no part at all. He slept calmly and peacefully on while Mr. Perkins conducted a careful and successful search for the "big roll" alluded to on the card.

THE transfer of the roll having been effected and Mr. Perkins having no further business in apartment eight he departed as quietly as he had entered and at twenty minutes past twelve was sauntering contentedly down the street, richer by fourteen hundred dollars and two big diamonds than he had been a half an hour before.

But being an industrious person and

To Mr. Perkins, Christmas meant nothing at all. For years he and society had been at war with each other.

the night still being young, Mr. Perkins stopped before another lighted shop window and consulted another card. This one said: "Small residence, 1014 Elmhurst Road. Old maid. Diamonds and cash. Front door. Key X-139."

This being simplicity itself, Mr. Perkins hailed a passing taxi, gave the driver proper instructions and was driven with great celerity to the ten hundred block on Lindenhurst. Alighting at the corner he paid the driver and, entirely oblivious of the fact that he was on the wrong street, proceeded to locate No. 1014 by the very simple and obvious method of using a small flash light.

In all of his operations Mr. Perkins was nothing if not direct.

Having found the number he produced a key from his pocket and opened the door. To Mr.

Perkins it was no surprise at all that the door opened. He had expected that it would open, and even the reader does not have much cause for astonishment when it is explained that key X-139 is the number of an almost universal pass key which will open nearly any old fashioned door lock.

Leaving the door slightly ajar, in case a hasty exit should become necessary, Mr. Perkins, with the aid of his flash light, proceeded to take a look around him.

He was in a small vestibule from which a single door opened to a room on the right. In the vestibule there was no furniture except an old fashioned hatrack on which were hanging two shabby coats, one a woman's and the other a child's.

No child having been mentioned on Mr. Perkins' card of instructions he was naturally unpleasantly affected by the sight of the coat. "Why the dickens," he mumbled to himself, "couldn't Bill have handed me the full dope? Kids are an

awful nuisance sometimes."

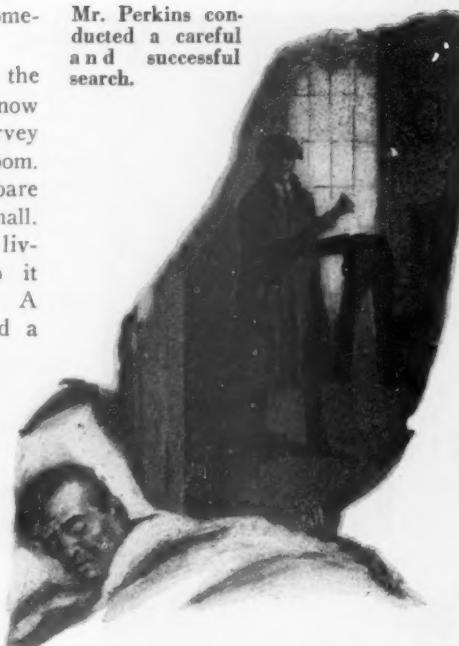
Passing through the door, Mr. Perkins now made a cautious survey of the adjoining room. It was almost as bare as the entrance hall. Evidently it was a living-room and also it was a work-room. A sewing-machine and a table piled up with dress material and the litter of scraps and threads on the floor indicated the woman in the house, while a broken doll and some other toys under the table gave evidence of the child.

Turning his flash light slowly around the room, Mr. Perkins took it all in. There was nothing to see; from his point of view there was nothing there worth having, and then—suddenly—he let his beam of light rest where it was.

Hanging on the mantel there, were two empty stockings, a woman's and a child's, and somehow they seemed to fascinate the burglar. "Gee," he whispered to himself, "if it ain't Christmas and I'd forgot it," and then with that instinctive feeling which tells us of the presence of some other person, Mr. Perkins knew that he was not alone.

Someone, as noiseless as he had been, had come into the room, had crept up close beside the burglar and just as he realized the presence a soft little hand grasped his big one and a scared, trembling little voice said: "Please Mr. Santa Claus don't go away yet and don't make any noise to wake my Mamma 'cause

Mr. Perkins conducted a careful and successful search.



at all that was of the slightest interest to him.

However, business being business, Mr. Perkins did not take an abrupt and hasty departure. Instead he drew the child—a little girl—around in front of him and turning his light upon her looked her rapidly over.

Apparently she was about five years old; her towed hair which might have been red or golden was neither, it was rather tawny; her little nose was slightly upturned and on her cheeks, which were red and chapped, there were distinctly visible lines which couldn't have been made by anything except tears. All of these details Mr. Perkins saw at a glance and then, as he looked into the little one's blue eyes, he saw something else. He saw an expression of faith and trust that, even in his burglar's soul, he knew meant faith and trust in him and deep down beyond that expression he saw a little heart that was filled to overflowing with trouble. Business, however, being more

I've just got to talk to you about her."

Mr. Perkins was startled but not frightened. He was merely facing a new situation in a life which had been made up of situations and instantly his quick-working mind jumped to the conclusion that through some mischance he had gotten into the wrong house, and a house at that which gave no indications that it held anything

in his line than trouble, Mr. Perkins leaned over and whispered to the child: "Say ain't you got no diamonds and no money in this house?"

At the question the child's eyes opened wide with delight. "No, Mr. Santa Claus," she said, "not any more we ain't and it's been, Oh, such a long, long time since we did have any that it will just make Mamma so happy to have some that she won't ever, ever cry any more."

NEVER before in his life had Mr. Perkins been so misunderstood in regard to his motives and his intentions.

It would probably be a mistake to say that it transformed his being or elevated him to a different plane but it did, for the moment, give him a sensation that was entirely new and made him look at himself, for once, in a wholly different light. Which accounts for the fact that without knowing why he did it or how it happened he stooped down on the floor beside the child, slipped his arm around her and said:

"Tell us about it; let's hear about your Mamma and what became of the diamonds and all the money."

"Well, you see, Mr. Santa Claus," replied the child, "it was like this way. Until a big fat man, not a nice man like you Santa Claus, but a big, ugly man, came and talked mean and cross to my Mamma and told her that before my Papa died that he had owed him, Oh, lots and lots of money, why we had most everything we wanted. But after that we didn't have hardly anything. My Mamma gave the man all the money she had and all the diamonds, 'cause, she said, if my Papa owed the money that we had to pay it but, Mr. Santa Claus she hasn't been very well or very happy since."

"And Mr. Santa Claus, I ain't very happy either. I ain't happy because my Mamma has to work so hard and sometimes when she looks at me and I see her begin to cry (Continued on page 63)



Never before in his life had Mr. Perkins been so misunderstood as to his motives and his intentions.

Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

This month you will enjoy the story of—

“Edward P.”—Canadian Cow-puncher

By CHARLES O. SMITH

Secretary, Rotary Club of Calgary, Alberta

AN Alberta ranch whose property lies south-west of Calgary, has recently attracted attention in the press of the world. His name is Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, and he is Knight of the Garter, Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland. On the ranch on the Pekisko River, though, they do not call him all that; they call him “Boss.” And this young boss of the “E. P.” ranch will some day be: *His Most Excellent Majesty, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, and Emperor of India.*

Hence the world-wide interest in this young man's recent visit to Southern Alberta. In such a unique event as the visit of the Prince of Wales to any other part of the world much interest would be exhibited. But this was not one of his ordinary journeys; it was not an official nor a royal visit; for the time being the Prince of Wales became a private gentleman and a Canadian cowpuncher. He left the Court, with its ceremonial, and the palace with its retinue of attend-

ants, and went to live for a few weeks out in the open, where he could do what he pleased—and incidentally have a much-needed rest.

That was all there was to his visit here. The fiction writers of many papers attributed to his visit many motives. He was planning to do this and that; according to some of them he was even to become King of Canada! Only one thing inspired the visit. The Prince had been overworked. He needed rest. He wanted to take that rest in the way that best suited himself. So he came to where he could get it.

Those who fancy that the heir to the British throne has a life of unceasing ease and pleasure do not understand what this young man is up against. For years, no one in the British Empire, not even excepting Lloyd George, has had a more strenuous life. Notwithstanding that he takes the best possible care of himself, that he has an almost insatiable passion for outdoor sports and exercise, the going for several years has been too much for him and he had to confess at last that a rest would be good to have. Later, in this article,



Photo: Harris & Ewing.

The Prince of Wales recently visited Canada, where he was known officially as “Lord Renfrew.” Most of his time was spent on his Pekisko ranch. The Prince is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Windsor, Ontario, and he was recently presented with a solid gold membership card as a certificate of his membership. On his recent stay in Canada, he was a guest of the Rotary Club of Calgary, Alberta.

I shall give you an idea of what, for him, constitutes a rest.

Within the space of a few months, I have been present at two Rotary meetings that will live long in the memory of those present. At one, at St. Louis, President Harding attended. Upon British Rotarians, from Canada, the Antipodes, the Old Country, President Harding made a profound impression. His courage in presenting a great policy, a contentious policy in his own country, impressed us, as did his willingness to undertake a tremendously arduous journey to give his views to all the people of the United States. We were struck by his resonant voice, his fine color, his strong frame, and we said that here is the very man able to carry the heavy responsibilities of his high office. We know now, alas! that those demands were too much for him, that they exhausted his apparently great reserves of strength. Many who were present at that St. Louis meeting must have subsequently said, when the news of Mr. Harding's



The husky individual on the left is Pete Vandemeer, winner of the Prince of Wales' prize for the champion bucking-horse rider of Canada. In the center is the Prince of Wales and at the right Ernie Richardson, member of the Rotary Club of Calgary. Rotarian Richardson is presenting Champion Vandermeer with the Prince's silver trophy in honor of the champion's record.

death saddened the world, that the people ask too much of their greatest servants. That thought again entered my mind at another meeting of Rotarians, this time at Calgary. Rotarian Ernie Richardson had arranged for "Lord Renfrew" to attend our meeting. The Prince is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Windsor, Canada, and he again showed his interest in Rotary by making his visit to the Calgary Club the only one made to any organization's meeting during his stay in Canada. It was towards the end of his visit and the young Prince was the very picture of health. But he had come to Alberta primarily to escape for a brief period an incessant round of public duties very similar in their trying effects to those that had shortened the life of President Harding. The time is coming when people are going to be more considerate in making demands upon those placed in high positions.

DURING four of the last ten years the Prince of Wales was at the front in the World War. In 1920 he toured Canada and visited the United States. After a short interval he made a journey through New Zealand and Australia. The next year he went to India and travelled in official and regal style through all that vast land. No sooner did he get home than he was called upon to represent his father, King George, in the multifarious duties which the British people invite their Sovereign to perform. It has been a strenuous time.

In none of these experiences has the Prince of Wales spared himself. He won immense popularity in all parts of the British Empire by his behavior during the war. He went to the front early. He went because he insisted upon going. He took his chances in the front-line trenches, as Canadian soldiers who saw him there know. He never pretended to have great military knowledge, he never took advantage of his station in life, he never shirked. He accepted no higher rank than captain. He sought no standing in the British Army because of his being who he was, but he did the work assigned to him efficiently, modestly, cheerfully, and bravely.

May I mention one of the little things that endeared him to the Canadian troops? It was after the Armistice. Canadians were on the line surrounding Cologne. That city, when they had leave, was their rendezvous. The Prince



The Prince on one of his Dartmoor ponies—one of the line which is bred at the "E. P." Ranch.

of Wales was on the Canadian staff at the time, being attached as "Captain Windsor." Just before Christmas, three Canadian officers got mixed up in a row in the city. Canadians did not think they were to blame but the British command in that territory thought otherwise and so Cologne was placed out of bounds to Canadian troops. It was a saddening order for them. Winter gaieties were calling them to Cologne but



The Prince is hobnobbing with George Lane, said to be Alberta's greatest rancher.

neither private nor colonel could enter the city. Canadians felt very sore at the situation, particularly as they did not think their officers were to blame.

A famous and exclusive regiment of English Guards was to give a brilliant ball in Cologne on Christmas Eve. Only one thing was needed to assure its distinguished success. Would the Prince accept the invitation that was sent to him? But the Guards received a reply to this effect: that Cologne was out of bounds to Canadian troops, and as Captain Windsor was attached to the Canadians he regretfully had to decline the invitation. Cologne was immediately placed "in bounds" to Canadians; the Prince went to the ball, and the Canadians, from private to General Officer Commanding celebrated the Prince's tactful disapproval of the oppressive order with

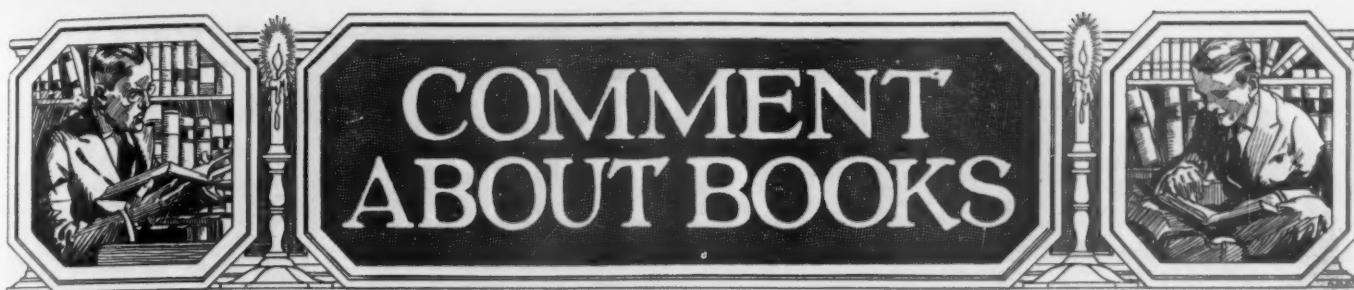
gusto and anything else they could get in Cologne that Christmas Eve.

Such are the acts, and such the qualities as indicated by these actions, that endear him to everyone who comes in contact with him. As one Calgary cowboy said, "Bo, there's nuthin' to it. He's a regular guy!"

Now, of the Prince as a rancher! How did he become a rancher? Why did he choose Southern Alberta as his ranch home?

ONE of the most charming things about this very popular Prince is his attitude towards children and towards older men. He seems to like being a "prince" to kiddies. He seems to want their interest in him. His freest talk and his most spontaneous smile are reserved for young boys and girls. Ranch-fathers brought their ten- and twelve-year-old boys up to him on the "E. P." and introduced the youngsters to him. He at once gave the youngsters all his attention, asked them about their ranches and homes, if they rode much, talked away with them with the most evident and sincere pleasure.

That is a digression, but every grown man knows it is not a long space of time between the years of boyhood and the years of mature life. So I come to the Prince's interest in, and fondness for older men. (Continued on page 53)



New Translation of the New Testament

By Miles H. Krumbine

A NEW translation of the New Testament is no longer a novelty. The New Testament has been offered in modern speech so many times in recent years that Dr. Goodspeed's effort can hardly be considered a daring adventure; nor can he be criticised justly for tampering with the sacred text. Indeed, it is surprising when one comes to think of it that American scholars refrained so long when their British colleagues have been turning out translations regularly.

Dr. Goodspeed's work is distinctly an American translation. For this we are deeply grateful. Whether he sat in the bleachers and listened, as Luther sat in the kitchen listening, before undertaking his translation may be unlikely. That he caught the spirit of the vernacular is certain. Not that Goodspeed permits himself to lapse into undignified speech at any point. His work is done with reverence constantly. But at the finish he gives us a very readable book, full of phrases that are American. To take one by way of illustration: At the conclusion to the Sermon on the Mount (St. Matthew 7) we come upon the familiar figure of the wise and the foolish builders. The man who built his house on the rock was a "wise" man, so the old version has it. Goodspeed calls him a "sensible" man. The word adds force to the figure; it interprets while it translates.

Naturally such an undertaking can claim authority only in proportion to the scholarship of the translator. Certainly on this score there can be no question. For a generation Professor Edgar Goodspeed has been in the forefront of New Testament scholars and today his leadership is undoubted.

One feels like suggesting that such a translation serves its best purpose if it is used in conjunction with the King James version. Many a doubtful passage will be seen in a brighter light when the translation is used in that way. It is hardly the author's purpose that it supplant the ancient versions. When the translation is used as a supplementary text one of the chief objections to it is overcome at once. There are passages in this new translation that seem a little clumsy. The present reviewer distinctly

dislikes the rendering of I Corinthians 13. This is undoubtedly due to the hold that that passage has on memory. Goodspeed's translation may be just as accurate. As a supplementary text it does exceedingly well even for that passage.

The University of Chicago Press has rendered us a distinct service in making possible this new text. The editors are to be commended on the arrangement of the book and its attractive appearance.

A New Book by "A Gentleman with a Duster"

By L. E. Robinson

TO compress the spirit of a great personality and his age with clarity and conviction within the pages of a single essay calls for an exquisite talent and an abundant background. This is the achievement of "A Gentleman with a Duster," in each chapter of his latest book, "Seven Ages." The seven ages are those of Socrates, Aristotle, Jesus, Augustine, Erasmus, Cromwell, and John Wesley. These are representatives of an evolution in civilization, not of the Darwinian formula, but of that higher and more hazardous journey of the ethical mind, whose hopes of greater achievement in the future rest with men and women, for the most part unaware of its "far and perilous journey." These highly engaging and instructive studies are written for the "plain man," who as a rule is unable to trace "the pedigree of his own opinions." Any reader of this book can hardly fail to be chastened and braced for a more effective life in his community.

In "The Mirrors of Downing Street" and "The Glass of Fashion" this gifted English author interested a wide public on both sides of the Atlantic by his penetrating criticism of certain personages in politics and society. To some readers of these books his pen, here and there, seemed to have been dipped in picric, but ordinarily its sharpness was diamond-tipped. There were touches of satiric discernment as unsparing and brilliant as the quips of Aristophanes; but the sketches were always elevated and sincere. If his interpretations were at too close range to be wholly free from personal bias, they impressed deeply by their candor, and the reader's mind was purged of some excesses of admiration fatal to its insight.

"Seven Ages" is throughout a thoughtful and admirable book. In it the writer

traces the evolution of certain moral ideas that have struggled, not only for existence, but for the spiritual pull of humanity upward. Socrates is the Greek moralist whose persistent puritanism reappears in subsequent ethical and religious movements. Aristotle contributed a method of science that "has enriched life in a thousand directions." From Jesus as from no other source "men have gathered the idea of God." In his most notable book, "The City of God," Augustine "rings the affirmation that the love of God is the end of man." It was Augustine "from whose influence came to Europe the peaceful duel between the idealism of Plato and the materialism of Aristotle. Perhaps the most compact and brilliant chapter in the book is the study of Cromwell. If Erasmus kept alive the soul of humanism in Europe and conceived the idea which Luther put into practice, it was in the army camps of Cromwell that were born many of those doctrines of democracy which subsequently shook England and America. The last age studied is that of Wesley, "who simplified Christian theology exactly as Jesus simplified Judaism."

A close parallel to this book, by an American author, is Hyde's "The Five Great Philosophies of Life," written by that fine-grained president of Bowdoin College, William DeWitt Hyde, ten years before the great war. "Seven Ages" commands a wider perspective and a more compelling style. Its adequate scholarship and extremely practical appeal to the ordinary citizen as well as the student and scholar, should give this book a large field of usefulness. It is a splendid book for winter reading by Rotarians. As busy men they will have to take it in installments, but it will interest them and enrich their contribution to the organization through which they are seeking more and more to humanize themselves and the life around them.

"Hope Springs Eternal"

By Arthur Melville

THAT desire for unusual experiences, vicariously achieved, which has been a main factor of literature has given us two types of society novel, both eagerly read. The first kind pictures society life as a cross between the "Perils of Pauline" movies and Herod's court. The second (and far less popular) tries to depict human beings (*Cont'd on page 45.*)



The Idea and the Organization

AN epoch was marked in the history of Rotary at Racine, Wisconsin, last month when the members of the Rotary Club of that city unveiled a bronze tablet to proclaim to the world that Paul Harris was born in that city. The unique character of the ceremony, and the unique and splendid idea of thus memorializing a living man, was given special emphasis by the epoch-making message from Paul Harris himself read to the assemblage of distinguished Rotarians participating in the ceremony. This message is a thing that all Rotarians may ponder over. The founder of Rotary made it very clear and very emphatic that Rotary has no exclusive privilege or mission to exemplify the principle of unselfish service and work toward the great goal of universal fellowship, good will, and peace.

He spoke in very high terms of the manner in which the idea of an organization of business men, of which Rotary was simply the pioneer, is being carried out in such magnificent fashion by Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange, Gyro, Civitans and others. While Rotary has a membership of a bit under one hundred thousand, Paul Harris called attention to the fact that there were in the neighborhood of half a million men striving in Rotary and kindred organizations, to bring about the great aim set forth in the Sixth Object of Rotary.

Seizing the opportunity thus given by Paul Harris in his message, President Gundaker, Secretary Perry, and other speakers of the day emphasized the fact that they felt they were helping observe a day dedicated to an idea rather than to a single organization expressing it. They were all particularly proud that Rotary was the pioneer organization in the field, but their greatest pride lay in the fact that the idea had been found good—so good that hundreds of thousands of earnest men had adopted it and were doing so much to carry it forward.

That was the spirit of the gathering of Rotarians at Racine—and it is the spirit of Rotary.

Tune In!

YOU can hear it on a drowsy summer afternoon as you lie beneath a shady tree and watch the shadow of your line in the water, zig-zagged by the swaying breeze. You can hear it on a still winter night when the snow crackles underfoot and Arctic lights send weird pastel flickers into the star-strewn sky. You can hear it in the arid desert where man and beast gather at the caravanserai to seek refuge from the scorching sun. You can even hear it—if you will but tune in—where the clang and rattle of hurtling traffic echoes from the walls of skyscrapers.

It is always calling you—only your ears, distracted by

the clamor of mundane affairs, are seldom attuned to catch that faint, insistent voice. Because your ancestors heard that call, you exist. Should you not hear, or hearing, not respond, the failure may be reflected in the lives of your children.

That sibilant murmur penetrated the matted jungles where prehistoric man eeked out his precarious existence. It will penetrate the shining marble walls of the finest palaces which may shelter the senates of the future. Sometimes it reaches the hardy explorer as he risks his life amid the grinding icebergs; sometimes it rises from the dust of forgotten tombs to whisper to those seeking the secrets of bygone civilizations. It passes the innumerable corridors of an ancient castle as easily as it finds the opening to the cliff-dweller's lair.

Where the lonely fisherman plies his trade it is no less frequent than where the harried commuters are drawn into the city's maelstrom. The mariner hears it in his lonely watch; it mingles with the footfalls of the passing sentry.

A poet has termed it "the music of the spheres"—but to most of us it is only the voice of our Better Self, calling, calling, across the immeasurable chasms of Time and Space. It is always calling—only sometimes it seems closer—more clear. Particularly when Christmas time brings a lull in "man's inhumanity to man" does that faint persistent voice bring its vibrant message. It may be calling you now—tune in!

Rights and Opportunities

SOME people spend a lot of time standing up for their rights or worrying about what are their rights; other people are asking only for the advantage of opportunities. Sometimes a man joins an organization and feels that thereby certain rights have been conferred upon him, whereas merely opportunities have been opened up to him. The possession of a Rotary button is the key to opportunities rather than the seal of special privileges. Wearing a Rotary button does not force a man to be your friend; it merely gives you the opportunity to make him your friend. Rotary doesn't give you the right to address another man familiarly, call him by his first name when you see him wearing the Rotary button; it merely gives you the opportunity to do so, and good judgment should be used in taking advantage of the opportunity. To feel called upon to address every man wearing a Rotary button by his first name, whether you know the man or not, is making a sort of ritual out of our companionship in Rotary. It is somewhat similar to having a grip of the hand with which you try each man you meet to see whether or not he is "a brother of the order." Let us use good judgment in everything that we do as Rotarians.

NOTES BRÈVES SUR CE QU'ON FAIT DANS LE MONDE ROTARIEN

Ecrites surtout pour les Rotariens de la France et des Provinces du Canada où l'on parle français. Il y a plus de 1,500 Rotary Clubs et presque 93,000 Rotariens sur tous les continents du monde

LE congrès organisé par les Rotary Clubs du Douzième District de Rotary International—Association pour la Grande-Bretagne et l'Irlande—et qui eut lieu à Margate, Angleterre, du 12 au 15 octobre, fut très remarquable. Ce congrès réunit à Thanet une foule de visiteurs dont un grand nombre venaient des différentes parties du monde. Le Rotarien Fréderick Warren Teele, qui est le Commissaire Spécial choisi par Rotary International pour aider à la propagation et à l'organisation des Rotary Clubs en Europe, parla avec éloquence de l'importance de Rotary et de l'heureuse influence de ce grand mouvement. Des discours éloquent furent également prononcés par les Rotariens Frank Eastman, Président de l'Association des Rotary Clubs en Grande-Bretagne et en Irlande; Sir Cecil Hertslet, de Ramsgate (autrefois Consul de Grande-Bretagne à Bruxelles); Marcel Franck, Président du Club de Paris; et Sir William Schooling, Vice-Président du Comité National l'Epargne.

Le vendredi soir, les délégués accompagnés de leurs épouses furent chaleureusement accueillis à l'Hôtel St. Georges par le Président du Rotary Club de Margate (le Rotarien J. H. Iles) et par le Vice Président du Club de Ramsgate (le Rotarien Sir Cecil Hertslet). Après un excellent dîner, l'assemblée eut le plaisir d'entendre de la musique et des discours intéressants.

En proposant le toast de "Rotary International," le Président Iles rappela à l'audience que le mouvement Rotary n'avait aucune préférence et ne faisait aucune exception, mais s'étendait à toutes les nations, à toutes les croyances et à toutes les races, pour autant que les hommes de ces diverses nations, races et religions étaient prêts à reconnaître et à adopter les idéals de Rotary. Le Rotarien Fred W. Teele répondit brièvement à ces paroles en mettant en relief le fait que Rotary comptait maintenant plus de 94,000 membres appartenant à plus de 1,540 clubs organisés dans 27 pays différents. Il donna ensuite lecture d'un câbogramme du Conseil d'Administration Central signé par Chesley R. Perry, Secrétaire de Rotary International, félicitant le Douzième District au nom de Rotary International et exprimant les meilleurs voeux en faveur du congrès.

Le Président du Rotary Club de Margate pria ensuite le Rotarien Marcel Franck (Président du Club de Paris) d'accepter une statuette de St. Georges en argent comme témoignage de la gratitude du Club de Margate pour l'hospitalité que les Rotariens français ont généreusement offerte aux écoliers de Margate qui visitèrent cette belle ville l'année passée.

Au nom du Rotary Club de Londres, le Rotarien Unwin, Président de ce club, fit présent au Club de Paris d'un drapeau de soie aux couleurs britanniques. La présentation du drapeau fut vivement acclamée.

Les Rotary Clubs de Dover, Folkestone, Canterbury, Ramsgate et Margate avaient eu l'intention d'offrir au Président du Club d'Ostende (le Rotarien Washington Serruys) un insigne de président; malheureusement, c'est avec un vif regret que le Rotarien Stanley Dowling dut annoncer que le Président Serruys avait été retenu chez lui pour cause de maladie. Il fut alors décidé que ce présent lui serait remis personnellement à Ostende par le Rotarien Sir Cecil Hertslet, qui déclara que c'est avec le plus grand plaisir qu'il s'acquitterait de cette agréable mission.

* * *

TOUS les Rotary Clubs ont donné une preuve admirable de leur esprit coopératif en répondant aussi promptement et aussi généreusement à l'appel du Président Guy Gundaker en faveur du Japon. Cet acte de dévouement a permis jusqu'à ce jour à Rotary International d'envoyer au Rotary Club de Tokio une somme de \$30,000 destinée à donner aux Rotariens du Japon les secours de première nécessité. Presque chaque semaine le Bureau Central reçoit encore des sommes d'argent d'un montant appréciable. Quelques clubs lointains ont annoncé par câble l'envoi de fonds qui ne sont pas encore arrivés.

Les secours de première nécessité ayant été donnés, les Rotariens de Tokio emploieront les sommes subséquentes que Rotary International sera à même de leur envoyer pour aider aux travaux de réhabilitation.

Le Secrétaire de Rotary International vient de recevoir du Rotarien Ichinomiya, Président du Rotary Club de Tokio, une lettre conçue en ces termes:

"Mon cher Perry,

"C'est très aimable de la part de Ro-

tary International d'offrir à nos malheureux compatriotes ses services inépuisables. Soyez assuré que l'argent que vous nous avez envoyé sera employé à rendre les services les plus efficaces que puissent rendre les Rotariens de ce pays.

"Le tremblement de terre et le feu ont occasionné de grandes pertes à presque tous les membres de notre club et jusqu'à maintenant il ne nous a pas été possible de maintenir nos réunions. Prochainement notre Secrétaire vous enverra un rapport détaillé sur l'activité des Rotariens de Tokio.

"En vous remerciant encore bien sincèrement au nom du Rotary Club de Tokio pour votre aimable et généreux don, je vous prie d'agréer, etc.

"Reitaro Ichinomiya, President,
"Tokyo Rotary Club."

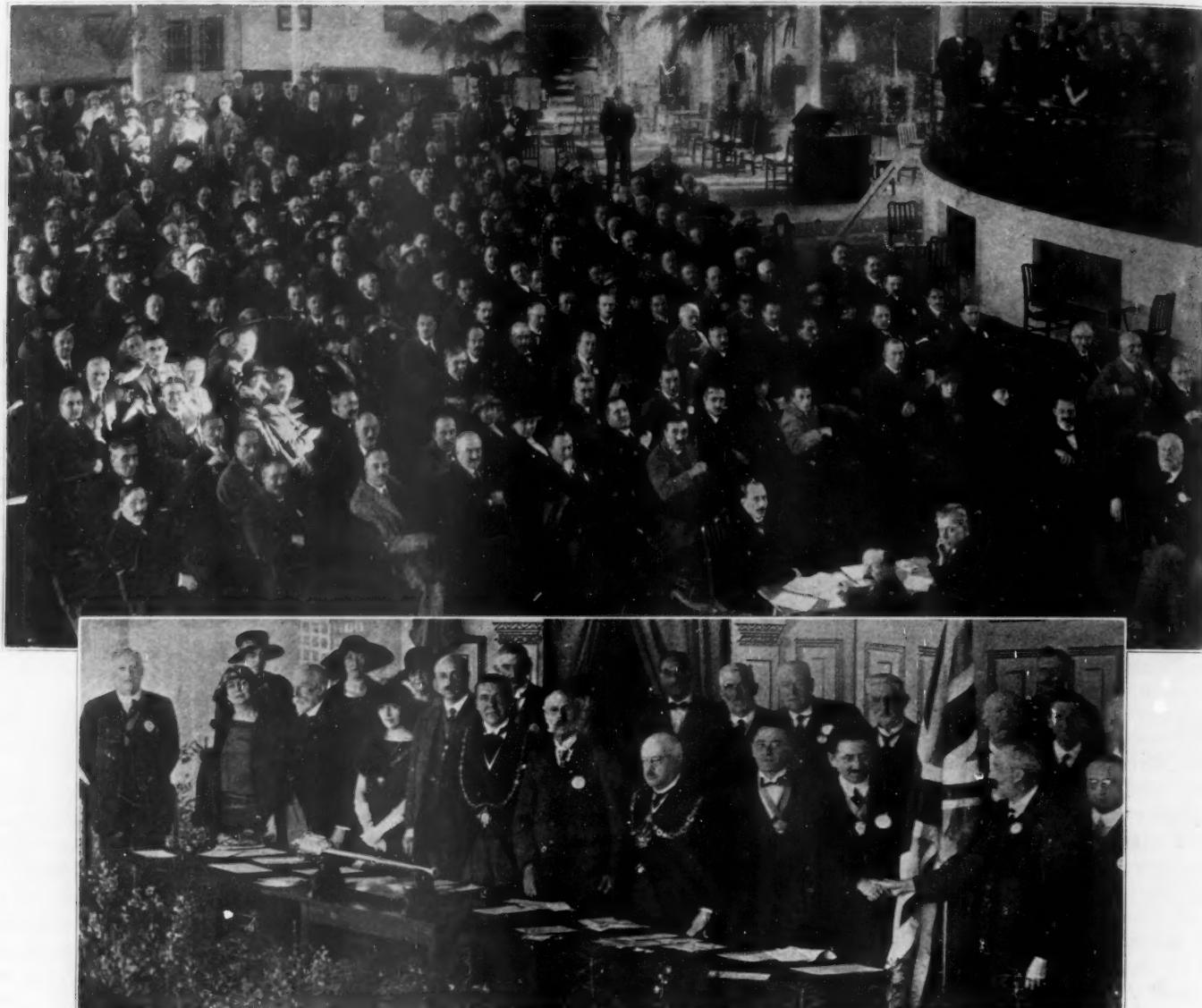
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EN date du 9 novembre dernier, à Racine, Etat de Wisconsin, qui est la ville natale de Paul P. Harris, le fondateur de Rotary, dédia dans l'un de ses plus beaux parcs publics une tablette de bronze proclamant le fait que Paul Harris naquit en cette ville en 1868.

A l'occasion de cette cérémonie, non seulement le Rotary Club, mais tous les citoyens de Racine firent une démonstration du principe de *servir*. Le Président International Guy Gundaker fut le convié d'honneur en l'absence de Paul Harris, empêché d'assister à la cérémonie. Le Secrétaire Perry ainsi que d'autres Fonctionnaires de Rotary International étaient présents et des Fonctionnaires internationaux de "Kiwanis," "Lions" et d'autres organisations semblables à Rotary qui existent aux Etats-Unis avaient été également invités. Une nombreuse délégation du Rotary Club de Chicago se rendit aussi à Racine pour prendre part à la cérémonie.

* * *

LE Secrétaire de Rotary International a eu récemment le plaisir d'apprendre que le Commissaire Spécial Fréderick W. Teele, actuellement en Europe, allait venir passer les fêtes de fin d'année aux Etats-Unis. Il s'embarquera le 15 décembre, à bord du "Leviathan." Rotary International l'attend à Chicago les premiers jours de janvier, étant donné que le Conseil d'Administration International, qui se réunira au Bureau Central les 10, 11 et 12 janvier, compte sur sa présence pour discuter efficacement de l'extension du Rotary dans les divers pays l'Europe. M. Teele repartira le 1er février 1924.



China, France, England, Scotland, and the United States were represented at Margate, England, on Oct. 12. A session of the conference is shown above. Below: Some of the prominent personalities present. Front row (left to right): J. H. Iles, president, Margate Rotary; Mrs. Frank Eastman; Sir Cecil Hertslet, vice-president, Ramsgate Rotary; Mrs. W. Leach Lewis, Mayoress of Margate; Frank Eastman,

President, RIBI; Councilor W. Leach Lewis, Mayor of Margate; W. J. Wearing, of Tunbridge Wells, chairman, No. 12 District; Alderman A. W. Larkin, Mayor of Ramsgate; G. Stanley Dowling, vice-president, Margate Rotary, and Director, RIBI; Marcel Franck, president, Paris Rotary; Ted Unwin, president, London Rotary; and Fred Warren Teele, special commissioner of Rotary International.

The Margate Conference

Five countries are represented at district meet

By ROTARY OBSERVER

ALTHOUGH it was held in the "off seasons," the Get-Together Conference of No. 12 District of the "R. I. B. I." (Rotary International—Britain and Ireland) held at Margate on Oct. 12-13-14 was entirely successful. The Rotary Clubs of Ramsgate and Margate joined hands in a splendid effort to insure a pleasant time and the conference furnished much inspiration to the representatives of five nations. A reception held at the St. George's Hotel by the president of the Margate club, J. H. Iles,

and the vice-president of the Ramsgate club, Sir Cecil Hertslet (in the absence through illness of the president, Rotarian H. K. Daniel) was followed by a dinner. Some 350 Rotarians exchanged friendly greetings during the meal. President Iles welcomed them to Margate and expressed his hope that they might all re-visit the town during the 1925 conference of the R. I. B. I. He mentioned several distinguished visitors whose names were duly applauded. But when he spoke of "our old friend"

there was silence until he added that he referred to Frederick Warren Teele, the representative of Rotary International—then came a roar of applause. After Rotarian Teele had commented on the progress of International Rotary, Frank Eastman of Perth, president of British Rotary added his thanks for the welcome. Rotarian Marcel Franck, president of the Rotary Club of Paris, was then presented with a statuette of St. George, the gift of Margate Rotarians who chose this way of acknowledging

the service of Rotarian Franck rendered when the local club sent a few boys abroad for a holiday. Rotarian Franck's reply, interpreted by a London Rotarian, was an expression of hope for continued and strengthened cooperation between France and Great Britain.

Rotarian W. J. Wearing, chairman of No. 12 District, presided over the Saturday morning session at the Pavilion. An official welcome was extended by the Mayor of Margate who expressed appreciation of the work of the local club on behalf of Margate boys. President Eastman also touched on the importance of boy's work. Commissioner Teele and Tom Sheehan, former governor of the Third District, R. I., also gave forceful ad-

dresses. An interesting incident occurred when Rotarian Edwin Unwin, president of London Rotary, presented a silk Union Jack to Marcel Franck, an act which was greeted with loud applause. In response, Rotarian Franck extended the greetings of the Paris club, and expressed his hope that the alliance of war might precede still greater alliances of peace. There were two large gatherings for lunch, one for the Rotarians, and the other for their ladies. Both parties enjoyed a similar experience of good speeches, good fellowship, and interesting presentations of various types. A large party visited Canterbury cathedral during the afternoon. In the evening there was a reception and dance at the Pavilion.

Sunday morning was devoted to a special service at Margate Parish church. President Eastman and Mayor Lewis read the lessons, the sermon was preached by the Rev. A. M. Hill, president of the Brighton club. British and American flags were brought to the sanctuary where they remained during the service. On Sunday afternoon the delegates motored to Richborough to inspect the boy's holiday camp which is being promoted by Margate Rotary. After the trip the Ramsgate Rotarians entertained at a tea, the size of the crowd necessitating two separate sittings. A special concert at Margate Pavilion was the last item on an exceptionally interesting program.

Public Service and Private Opinion

By LEONARD ORMEROD

General Information Manager, Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania

NEVER in the history of the public service industries, including the railroads, electric light companies, gas companies, telephone companies, street railways, etc., has such an earnest effort been put forth to inform the user of those various services as to the fundamental problems of operation and finance involved in this great field of industry.

There is hardly a magazine or a newspaper that in one form or another does not carry some message from a public utility to those who are making use of its service. Back of this there is a good sound policy. It is not being done as an advertising fad. It is not being done because it is the vogue to tell "bedtime stories" and we want to tell ours. But it is being done because the management of most public utilities realize there are at least three reasons why the individual should have some understanding of what is involved in rendering the service on which he is so dependent.

Public opinion is nothing more than the sum of a lot of private opinions and if a telephone company or an electric light company has the understanding and co-operation of the "private" individuals it serves, it need not worry about public opinion.

The first reason for a mutual understanding between the company and the user of the service is that it is more economical and more satisfactory. If a big department store had misunderstandings to smooth out and adjustment to make with every customer, it would require a much larger force of clerks and bookkeepers than if their customers could be handled satisfactorily and expeditiously.

This is also true of the great organization furnishing means of transportation,

communication or light and heat. Nothing enters more closely into the everyday life of the average citizen than his street-car service, his telephone, his electric light, or his gas service. There are a hundred different ways in which misunderstandings can arise between him and the big corporations back of this service and every misunderstanding means friction, loss of time and wasted effort, hurtful to both parties concerned.

The second reason for keeping the individual informed is that all these individual opinions go to make up public opinion and political opinion, and through its public-service commissions the public largely determines the rates and regulations of the public-service industries. If that opinion is intelligent, if it is informed, if it has confidence in the men who are administering the affairs of its big public-service corporations, both the provider and the user of these services will be helped.

THE third reason for the public service corporation to be interested in the opinions of individuals it serves is because it is to them that it must turn for new capital which is needed constantly as the demand for these services increases. The telephone-using public, the gas-using public, the street-car riding public, is also the investing public. If this public has confidence in the management of these companies it will be willing to invest in the securities of such industries. Lacking that confidence of the public the industries will find it difficult to obtain the necessary money for additional capital without paying an excessive rate for it.

It is with these points in mind that the story of our public utilities is being told everywhere. We do not expect the

business man whose time or attention is already well taken up to learn enough about the telephone industry to engineer a central office; or to learn enough about the manufacture of gas to take charge of the chemical laboratory of a gas company, but we do believe, and in fact have proven, that he is willing and anxious to be informed of the sound principles which govern the maintenance of these and kindred services.

Publicity, however, can never be a substitute for good service. Mutual understanding of a public utility and the individual it serves must have as its foundation a good technical performance. And if for any reason the character of service is interfered with by things beyond the control of the public utility, publicity methods may be used to inform the public of such conditions, and the public, understanding the situation, will be patient.

Abraham Lincoln is credited with the statement that "you can fool all of the people part of the time." That may have been true in Lincoln's day but there are too many methods of communication available in this day and age for anything like that to happen. Any business, public service or private industry, which would continue to prosper cannot act on the supposition that even a small part of the people can be fooled all the time. Any business organization which proceeds on the unsound principle of fooling those with whom it deals is riding for a fall.

Public service corporations have learned that all the cards must be laid face up on the table, that the plain facts must be stated in words of one syllable, and that is why they are seeking every opportunity to get the respectful attention of their subscribers and customers.



ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES



HERE you can walk over to Main Street, drop in at the sign of the Rotary flag, get your guest's badge, and make yourself at home! The fellows are always glad to see you and to learn what your club is doing, and while you bend elbows over the luncheon table they will tell you about the best club in the best town in the best country in the World!

1924 Convention in the Limelight

TORONTO, ONT.—Although the 1924 Convention of Rotary International is still a thing of the future, it was made more real at a great Intercity meeting held at Toronto on Oct. 26th. Clubs from all over Ontario and from various parts of the twenty-seventh district were represented. President Guy Gundaker was making his official visit to Toronto and he was accompanied by Vice-President Frank Lamb, Ralph Cummings, chairman of the Convention Program Committee, Carl Faust, George Relf, and Jeff Lydiatt, three members of that committee. Ches Perry and Earl Benedict were on hand, and the convention host committee of the Toronto club was present 100 per cent strong.

The visitors were given an enthusiastic reception. President Gundaker gave a comprehensive address on the aims of Rotary; Vice-president Lamb discussed the future of Rotary; and Chairman Ralph stressed the responsi-

bility for the success of the Convention. At the close of a fine musical program, Norman Sommerville, K. C., vice-president of the Toronto club, extended a most cordial invitation to all to come to "Toronto Where Friendship Grows in Rotary."

Offer to Handle Student Loan Funds

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—The following letter from the secretary of the Ann Arbor Rotary club may prove of interest to clubs which have student loan funds:

Recently Registrar Hall of the University of Michigan, a member of the local Rotary club, received three checks for \$50 each, payable to three students in the University of Michigan, and forwarded from the Penn Yan, N. Y., Rotary club.

I understand that this club is loaning money to worthy students without interest charges, and that the amount is to be paid back to the club after the student is graduated.

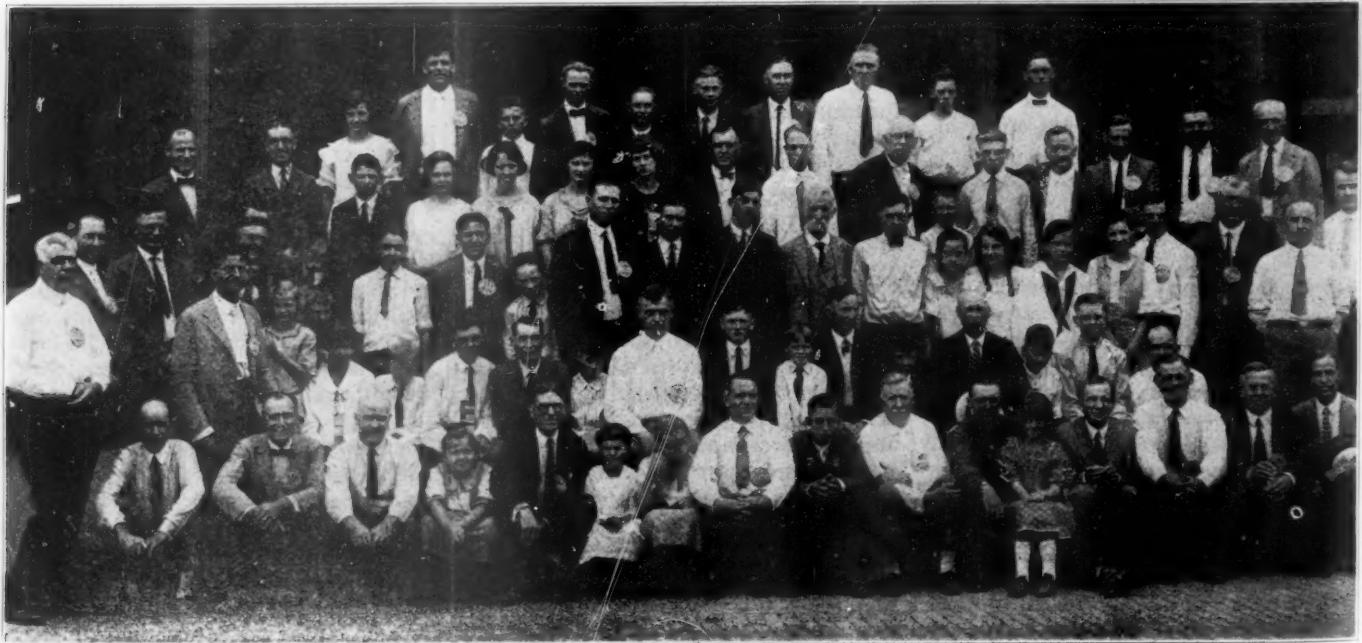
We in Ann Arbor feel that this is such a worthy cause that our club will be glad to act as an agent for any Rotary Club which desires to forward money or give other assistance to any worthy student.

Do Many Things for Boys in This City

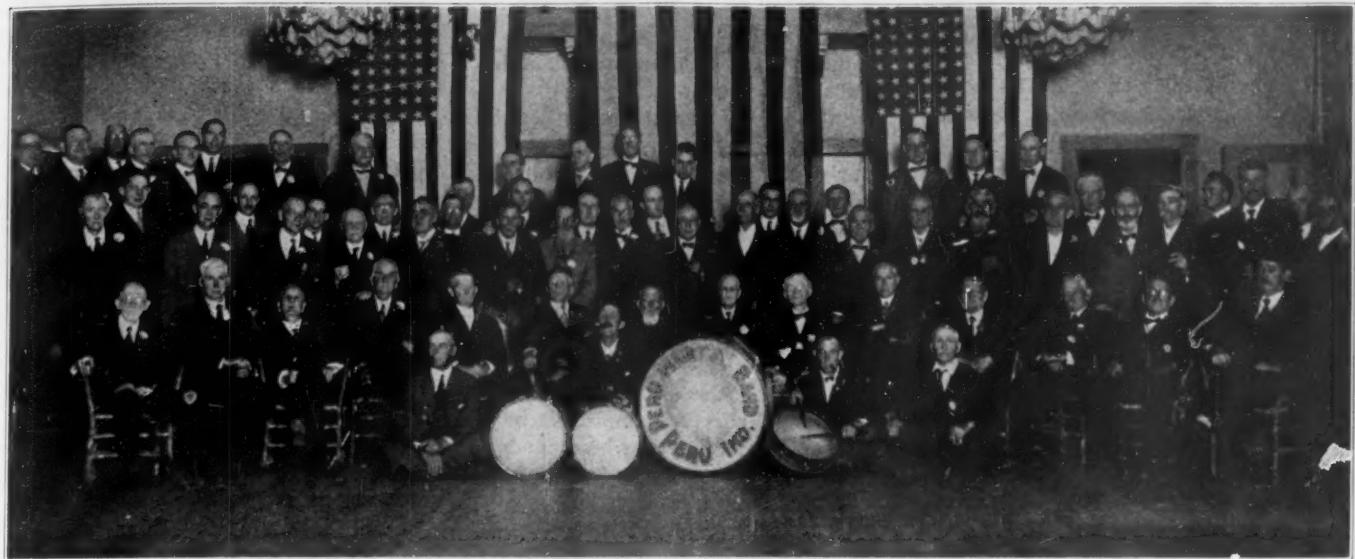
JANESVILLE, WIS.—One hundred and ten boys of grade-school and high-school ages attended the summer camp maintained by the local Rotary Club in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A. The camp is located on a lake 30 miles from the city and the equipment is owned by the Rotary Club. Rotarians personally interviewed boys and parents in order to spread information regarding the camp. The Y. M. C. A. arranged the activities program and at the close of the boys' camp the equipment was loaned to the Y. W. C. A. for a month.

Each year the Janesville club gives a \$100 scholarship to the best senior in the high school. The award is made on the basis of general standing in studies, attitude towards the community and school activities, and outstanding character. The scholarship is paid to the boy when he matriculates in some college or university.

At one noon luncheon, the club enter-



The Fairfield (Ia.) Rotary Club has discovered that by cooperating with the boys' and girls' pig clubs of the vicinity, many fine friendships can be established between city folks and farmers. On the last day of the county fair the Rotarians entertained the pig club members, and presented a handsome cup to the youngster whose pig had carried off first honors at the fair. This picture, taken on that occasion, shows some of the youthful stock farmers and their hosts. Souvenir copies of this picture were distributed to the young guests.



Thirty Civil War veterans, whose average age is eighty-two, were recently entertained by the thirty-one members of Peru (Ind.) Rotary. The veterans exhibited a lively interest in the proceedings, and one "youngster" of seventy-eight danced a jig to the martial music of the drum corps. Tales of "battles long ago" were a feature of the dinner, and the veterans freely chaffed one another over the number of engagements which they had seen. One of them reported that he had been in fourteen battles, but another claimed that he had been in "more than he could remember." Somewhat significant was the comment of one veteran that only twice had he, as a soldier, been entertained by an organization. District Governor Sapp said that he would carry that statement to all the clubs of Indiana.

tains all the boys in the senior high school class. At another luncheon the high-school coach and the football team are the guests of honor. The club also appropriated \$250 to enable the high-school band to hold rehearsals during the vacation months.

The Rotarians also speak before the high-school students in an effort to promote higher education. Usually each speaker is told to stress the advantages of his own college. To reach the younger boys, the club conducted a grand outdoor romp at the fairgrounds. Men and boys played various games together and then gathered round the campfires to finish the program.

Nine Countries Represented at This Meeting

NEW YORK, N. Y.—At a recent meeting of the New York club, Bert Cradick addressed Rotarians from Calcutta, India; Shanghai, China; Birmingham, Leicester, and London, England; Manila, P. I.; San Juan, P. R.; Havana, Cuba; Tampico, Mexico; and many clubs in Canada and the United States. Bert, as chairman of the Committee on Classification of Rotary International, welcomed the opportunity to address a luncheon of the Rotary Club of New York City at which such a wide representation of Rotary clubs in various countries were present.

Establish Camp for Unemployed

BELFAST, IRELAND—In conjunction with the Northern Government, the Rotary Club of Belfast has undertaken a novel experiment to mitigate the trials of unemployment. A camp has been established at the seaside some twelve miles from the city. Batches of unem-

ployed men are sent there for two weeks. The men are comfortably housed and boarded, and part of their time is spent in studying handicrafts and in other educational work which will prepare them for better days. About half the day is given over to recreation and open-air sports. Since all the men receive the government unemployment dole they are charged 10 shillings per week for the camp privileges and the remainder of the expense is born by the Rotary Club.

Seventeen Former Cripples Romp at Doctor's Party

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Seventeen children who have found new life and happiness through the efforts of the Crippled Children's Committee of the local Rotary club, were guests at a party arranged by one of the doctors who had given their services in the effort to straighten and strengthen crippled limbs. One of the seventeen had lain in bed for nine years. The weight of his body had broken one leg seven times and he had broken the other by twisting around in bed. But at the party he ran and played as happily as any. Motion pictures taken at the hospital and at the party will form part of the big film being prepared to further this work.

Origin of Rotary Is Re-enacted

BOONE, IA.—At a recent "ladies' night" meeting, the local club members and their guests were asked to attend in the costumes of the nineteen-hundreds. The reason for the request was discovered when some of the Rotarians proceeded to organize a Rotary club as it was done by Paul Harris and his colleagues nearly twenty years ago. Paul Harris, Sylvester Schiele, Gus Loehr, Harry Ruggles,

and Will Jenson, were shown gathered together in Paul's office and debating the various ideas which were later crystallized into the principles of Rotary. As they left a voice was heard prophesying the future growth of the organization. Many other features also contributed to the enjoyment and interest of this meeting.

The Prodigal Son Won't Get This One

MUSCATINE, IA.—For the first time in the history of Muscatine county, a baby beef attended a Rotary banquet "on the hoof" when two local boys gave a demonstration of preparing and judging cattle for the show ring. The boys, aged 12 and 13 respectively, were assisted in their demonstration by Hillandale Lass 13, a likely miss of nine months' age and 640 pounds weight. Lass 13 is of the Hereford persuasion and a tractable disposition, in fact she seemed to rather enjoy it all. Having already won three blue ribbons, she has what one might term a good stage presence, and is not at all disconcerted by the size of her audience.

This demonstration will be repeated in Chicago where the boys will represent the Iowa club boys at the International Live Stock exposition.

"Constitution Meetings" Attract Members

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Much has been said lately of proposed amendments to the Constitution of the United States taking from the Supreme Court the right to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional, or to require a seven-ninths' vote of the Supreme Court instead of a majority on such questions.

Recent speeches of Senator Magnus

Johnson on this latter proposal excited so little comment that it was evident that the general public did not appreciate the importance of the proposal. To arouse discussion, a series of talks were arranged for the St. Paul Rotary Club which were designed to explain just how the Constitution would be affected by such a measure. The first talk alone was sufficient to arouse the members to the importance of the question. Feeling that a similar public indifference to important political questions may exist elsewhere the St. Paul club submits the program for these talks in the hope that it may be of use to other clubs.

The program calls for five meetings which may be held successively, or otherwise, as follows:

1. General opening talk (80 minutes) upon the U. S. Constitution in general; something of its history, importance, and its interpretations by the Supreme Court.

2. Property rights and their protection in the Constitution and the necessity for Court enforcement of the Constitutional protection (10 to 30 minutes).

3. Individual and personal rights protected by the Constitution, their importance and present necessity (30 minutes).

4. Protection to minorities. Political and economic. Historical.—Grecian, Roman, Mediaeval, British, and American. Necessity for minorities and their protection to insure progress. Effect of proposed amendments in making each conflicting act of Congress an amendment of the Constitution.

5. Present Outlook. Optimistic. Dangers to be avoided: Government by minority through failure of majority to vote or through "blocks". Failure to Americanize Americans and immigrants. Remedies. More religion in daily life; more individual interest in government, including voting; better education of youth in political and economical matters in U. S. schools (30 minutes).

The secretary of the St. Paul club will be glad to furnish additional information to any club interested.

Fresh-Air Camp of Service to Hundreds

LAFAYETTE, IND.—The local Rotary club has extended its activities to community welfare and through the Rotary camp is helping hundreds of children and adults. The camp is located thirteen miles north east of the city on the picturesque Tippecanoe river. Through the generosity of Edgar Goldsberry, past president, about ten acres of woodland were donated to the club. On this site, the club, with the help of local youths, has erected a \$6,000 clubhouse. Ground and building represent a total investment of \$10,000. Construction work on the 40x90 foot building was started in 1921 and completed the following year. The main hall is 40x60 feet, the kitchen 15x15 feet, and there are several bed-rooms each 9x15 feet. A large open fireplace occupies the center of the south wall. Spring water is furnished by an hydraulic ram and an acetylene lighting plant has recently been installed. River frontage of 300 yards provides excellent swimming facilities while a con-

crete tennis court and an athletic field adjoin the clubhouse.

Hundreds of children and adults have availed themselves of the opportunity for short outings. Last summer's activities included camps for boys, three group outings for churches, high-school class picnics, university sorority outings, Y. M. C. A. boys' and children's camps, Girl Scout camp, Fresh Air camp for kiddies, high-school football training camp, and many Rotarian outings.

At the kiddies' fresh air camp, twenty-five undernourished children were quartered at the clubhouse for a month and showed wonderful improvement in health. This feature has been conducted for the last two years and grows in popularity.

At a recent outing of "group five" of the Twentieth District, guests from the Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Greencastle, Lebanon, Frankfort, and Crawfordsville clubs were driven out to the camp. More than three hundred made the trip and all were lavish in their praise of Lafayette's community service.

First "Competitors' Meeting" Draws 100 Per Cent Attendance

ALAMOSA, Colo.—On October 4th, Alamosa, the baby club of the Seventh District, held its first competitors' meeting. Each Rotarian invited at least one competitor, or, if he had no competitors invited representatives from lines of business not yet included in the Rotary



In Memoriam

William Coppock—Died August 13, 1923

DURING the past year, Rotary lost a loved and honored servant in the passing of William Coppock. Although he spent far the greater part of his life in America, "Billy" Coppock was a native of Stockport, Cheshire, England. His mother, who brought him to the land he later adopted, returned to England a few years after her journey to America. Billy was left to promote the retail-drug business in Mason City, Ia. He married Miss Elizabeth Wilson, of Sioux City, Ia. Two sturdy boys blessed their union. A few years after his marriage Billy's active mind found new exercise when he opened a laundry and dry-cleaning business in Council Bluffs, Ia. His venture proved very successful, but still he had not discovered how much work he could do. That came later when he helped to organize the Council Bluffs Rotary Club in 1915. He was a charter member, and four years later, in 1919, he became president. The following year he became governor of the Sixteenth District. His greatest Rotary honor came to him at the Edinburgh Convention, when he was elected second vice-president of Rotary International. His business career, his efforts on behalf of Rotary, and the number who were proud to call him their friend, all serve to remind us that—

"Since the Roman sentry
Proudly perished at his post,
The highest type of gentry
That ever earth may boast,
Scorning Death's grim entry,
Follow Service—join the host."

Club membership. Rotarian A. F. Bethman presided, and Bert Scribner, former chairman of the business methods committee, gave a forceful talk which not only helped explain Rotary to the competitors, but gave the Alamosa Rotarians a new insight of Rotary's possibilities. Half of the Monte Vista club came down to help make this the most successful meeting Alamosa Rotary has had as well as the first 100 per cent meeting it has been able to report to headquarters.

No Conductors, Engineers, Or Signals, on This Railway

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ENGLAND.—Many Southend Rotarians attended a recent demonstration of the new "never-stop" railway. The demonstration was given on the double track in the Kursaal Grounds. Capt. H. Riall Sankt, C. B. C. B. E., past president of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers gave an explanation of the invention. The line was set in motion by the pressing of a button by Sir John Francis.

The main features of this unique railway may be summarized as follows: Independent carriages with flat, open sides, run on a single track over a long screw laid between the rails. The screw rotates at constant speed by electric power and is provided with spirals of variable pitch which engage with rollers below the carriages. The speed of each coach de-

pends upon the pitch of the spiral with which it happens to be engaged. At the stations the pitch is very fine and the carriages move so slowly that passengers can enter or alight, much as is done on an escalator. As the carriages leave the platform the pitch becomes coarser so that the speed is automatically increased to some eight times that of the speed at stations. The system is so arranged that there is always a car in the station and no waiting for trains. Between stations the coaches separate from one another but draw together as they approach a station. It is claimed that the system can be run at a cost per seat less than one fifth of that of London's present railway system. There is no need for drivers, conductors, brakes, nor signals, since the cars are positively controlled. The service is said to be practically free from noise or jerking.

If the invention can be applied on a large scale it is obviously fraught with great possibilities, and the local Rotarians will watch its development with much interest.

Low cost of operation and safety to passengers are factors that seemed of chief value in the new invention.

(Continued on page 38.)



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Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 36)

"I Am Indeed, Sir, a Surgeon to Old Shoes"

KINGSTON, ONT.—"Save your old shoes. They can be used for service." This was the appeal made to Kingston youngsters by local Rotarians. As a result the Rotarians were able to provide shoes for many children whose parents could not meet the need for footgear.

The club hit on a novel plan to secure all the old shoes in the city. The Rotarian manager of a stock company playing at the local theater inserted an ad in the newspapers stating that every boy or girl who came to the theater with an old pair of shoes would be admitted free. Boots, shoes, and even slippers, of every variety were soon collected in big piles. The discarded footgear was taken to the penitentiary shops where convict cobblers made the necessary repairs and renewals. Then the shoes were distributed to poor children.

As a "follow up" to this successful service work, the Rotarians opened a subscription fund to buy stockings for the children, and this appeal found ready response in the community. The Rotary club held a series of entertainments to swell the fund, and many professional entertainers gave their services gratis.

The club has now a permanent "Shoe and Stocking Fund" and no worthy child will go unshod if the Rotarians can help it.

Kingston Rotary is three years old and has participated in many community activities. The club sponsored the Chautauqua, concerts for military hospitals, entertainments in military camps, outings and athletic contests for various charitable institutions, and is now considering the possibilities of crippled children's work.

Capital Works for Success of Labor's Holiday

CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo.—Labor Day was "Community Day" in Cape Girardeau. The Rotary Club joined hands with the Lions Club and the labor unions, and took the lead in arranging a big community picnic for the benefit of the municipal band.

The celebration began with a big parade in which business men, fraternal societies, social clubs, and labor organizations, all had their floats. The Rotary float, decorated by the secretary's wife, and driven by the daughter of a past-president, was one of the most beautiful floats in line.

The picnic was held at Fair Ground Park. Contests of all kinds were held and practically every Rotarian worked hard to make the occasion a successful one. The relations between local capital and local labor are very pleasant.

Later on, when the agitator visits Cape Girardeau he will find that the workers have not forgotten how big business men pulled off their coats, sold "hot dogs," peanuts, etc., and otherwise helped to make labor's national holiday a real success. The Rotary Club, like all the community is looking forward to the next Labor Day.

"I Never See the Newsboys Run Amid the Whirling Streets—"

PASADENA, CAL.—One of the most successful luncheons of Pasadena Rotary was the celebration of "Boys' Day" when eighty-five newsboys were guests of as many Rotarians. Several of the newsies delighted their hosts with fine instrumental and vocal music and talks; while the boys appreciated the display of adult friendliness and the helpful speeches. This meeting was also the occasion for a "welcome-home shower" celebrating the return of Past President Harold L. Landreth who had been on his wedding trip.

Inter-City Meet Promotes Railroad Project

SHERIDAN, Wyo.—Members of the Sheridan, Wyo., and Miles City, Mont., Rotary clubs recently enjoyed an inter-city meeting which may prove significant in the history of inter-state communication. The possibility of a north and south railroad connection between the respective towns prompted Sheridan Rotarians to charter two special cars and make the 500-mile trip to Miles City. Sixty-five per cent of the Sheridan Rotarians made the journey, and splendid results were secured. Because of this visit and similar conferences the railroad project has been furthered to such a degree that the Wyoming North & South Railroad Company is now doing construction work between Miles City, Mont., Sheridan, Wyo., and Casper, Wyo. This contract is the biggest piece of railroad construction now under way in the United States, the tracks covering some 400 miles. Sheridan Rotarians are proud to have had some part in the work.

Economy, Manhood, and Patriotism, Aims of Boys' Organization

YORK, NEBR.—George Washington Chapter No. 1, Sons of America, had its installation of officers and initiatory ceremonies on Oct. 10th. Sixty-five local high-school boys became charter members. The Sons of America was organized by the boys' work committee of the local Rotary Club. Dr. George Shidler wrote the ritual and planned the degrees, and to him is largely due the credit for what may become a national organization. The organization is for high-school boys. Its purpose is the inculca-

tion of economy, manhood, and patriotism. The models of the order are George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt.

At a meeting to be held December 7th, a number of high-school educators will be invited to witness the initiatory work of the local chapter. The chancellor of Nebraska University and several of the university faculty will be present. Through the chancellor the university has allowed one point English credit to those members of the order who take active interest in the work.

Take Special Interest in City Schools

REDLANDS, CAL.—The local Rotary club is taking particular interest in the city schools. In October, all the 125 teachers of the elementary and high schools, were taken to the Yucaipa Apple Festival ten miles away. The Rotarians were hosts at a dinner held there and District Governor Jack Williams gave a forceful talk on Rotary ethics which was well received.

At another meeting the Rotarians entertained the faculty of Redlands University. An all-high-school meeting was also held, which was presided over by the Rotarian principal of schools. Music was furnished by an orchestra recruited from fifth-grade pupils, and addresses were given by various high-school teachers and by Mrs. Grace C. Stanley, State director of elementary education.

Another "Century Club" Is Formed

SCOTTDALE, PA.—Readers of THE ROTARIAN noticed in the October issue the story of the Century Club of the Uniontown, Pa., club. Scottdale also has its Century Club which, like that of Uniontown, draws its membership from those who have attended 100 consecutive Rotary meetings. At present Uniontown with sixty-two Rotarians has fourteen in the Century Club and hopes by the end of the year to enroll one-third of the Uniontown Rotarians.

On October 22nd, the president of Scottdale Rotary club became eligible for the Century Club and was duly initiated by Scottdale and Uniontown Rotarians. Scottdale Century Club now has three members, its president, secretary, and treasurer, and hopes for more in the near future. Since the publication of the October number of THE ROTARIAN Brownsville, Pa., has organized a Century Club with three members and it is hoped that other thirty-third district clubs will soon follow this example.

The Scottdale Century Club suggests that all Rotarians (*Cont'd on page 40.*)

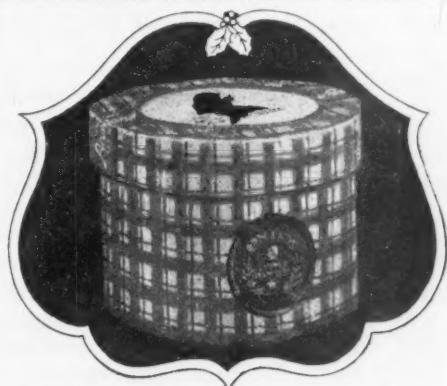


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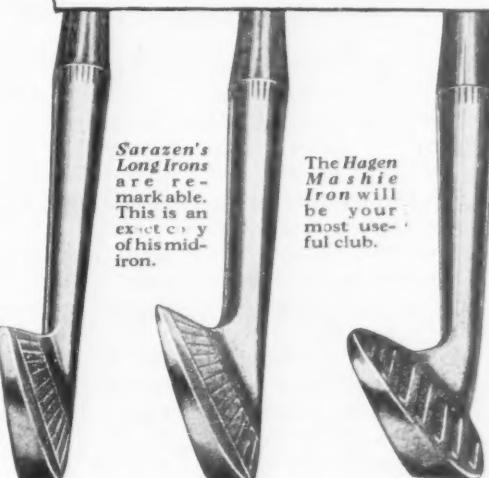
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Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 38.)

who are eligible for the Century Club arrange for a meeting at Toronto and organize on an international basis to stimulate attendance in Rotary. Is there a better name for such an organization? "Rotary Centurions" has been suggested; anyone who has any other idea is invited to write Harold G. Sturgis, Uniontown, Pa.

"Lives of Great Men All Reminds Us—"

GREAT FALLS, MONT.—The local Rotary club has established in the public library a "Rotary Shelf of Biography for Boys". The club learned from the librarian that there is always a big demand from boys for such books, and that the library was not very well supplied with such material. Each Rotarian was asked to contribute a book and the club maintains a fund to buy other books. The plan has brought the Rotary club in touch with the public library; has been one more means of keeping in touch with the boys; and has gained favorable comment for the club.

Other activities of Great Falls Rotary which may interest Rotarians generally include: Talks on "The Constitution of the United States," "The World Court" and "The United States Supreme Court"; a concert by choristers of the colored churches; and a program by the Commercial Club explaining its activities and ambitions.

Boys Get Their Chance in This Town

BANGOR, ME.—A recent report of the chairman of the boys' work committee of Bangor Rotary revealed the extensive boys' work activities of that club. The club found that the boys constituted about ten per cent of the city's 25,000 population, and that only a little more than one hundred boys were members of properly supervised organizations such as the Scouts and the Y. M. C. A.

Three years ago last July, the club applied for a charter for a first-class Scout council. The charter was granted and the Rotarians planned a budget on a three-year basis allowing for the expenditure of \$7,000 a year. Club members subscribed over fifty per cent of the required amount and the balance was secured after a short community campaign. Two years ago, this Scout council purchased a fifty-acre camp-site about twelve miles from Bangor. It proved an ideal spot for a camp and has been in constant use. In the summer time camps are held for ten weeks during the vacation period and last summer 103 Scouts attended camp at an individual cost of \$6 a week. In the winter the camp is used

for week-end hikes and also during the vacation period.

There are now 305 registered Scouts in Bangor and the number may be increased when more patrol leaders can be found. Two honor Scouts were sent to the Eastern States Scout Exposition held at Springfield, Mass. The various nature exhibits made or prepared by Scouts from twenty-five councils were judged and the Bangor Scouts carried off first prize.

Bangor Rotary has not yet found it necessary to conduct a back-to-school campaign as there is a very strong local tendency to higher education. However, the club has been active in the promotion of public playgrounds and swimming pools. The president of the local Y. M. C. A. is a Rotarian and several other Rotarians are directors or committee men of that organization. On a budget of approximately \$30,000 a year the local "Y" has for two years maintained a very successful boys' camp. Last summer, more than 100 boys enjoyed camp life at a cost of \$1 per day. Rotarians paid the expense of several boys who otherwise would not have been able to attend the camp.

"Vae Victis" Is Not Motto of These Clubs

WAYNE, MICH.—All old scores between Dearborn and Wayne Rotary clubs were amicably settled when members of both clubs, their wives, and guests, gathered at a banquet furnished by the Wayne club—the losers in a series of indoor ball games. As they entered the dining-room all males were obliged to exchange partners for the dinner and this proceeding tore away the last shreds of formality. After a series of good short talks the president of the Dearborn club presented the Wayne club with a handsome silk flag in token of the appreciation of Dearborn Rotary for the good sportsmanship displayed by the losers.

"That Old Bald Cheater Time" Presides at Anniversary Dinner

DANVILLE, ILL.—Practically the entire membership of the Danville Rotary Club with their families celebrated the eighth anniversary of the club with a "birthday party." The eight past presidents marched into the dining-room followed by Father Time (impersonated by Charles Atwood) and little Miss Bredehoff who carried a huge birthday cake. The presidents took their places about the table over which hung the scythe of Time. After an appetizing dinner, Father Time gave a poetical introduction of each past president and demanded from each an account of what had been accomplished during his term

of service. After each had related the outstanding incidents of his administration, Father Time declared that possibly they would never again serve Rotary in that capacity; then, reverting to rhyme, he introduced the present president, who outlined the hopes and problems of his administration. Following the talks of the presidents, Thomas J. Cossey, first president of the club, presented the club with a beautiful bell. The presentation address made by Dr. E. B. Colley was a deftly woven series of allusions to the power and charm of various types of bells as revealed by history—and the place of bells in our daily life. Several good musical numbers rounded out a program of exceptional interest.

Back-to-School Movement Is 99% Effective

ENID, OKLA.—The boys' work committee of the Enid club reported that out of a total of 117 boys who finished grade school last year, three have moved away, and 113 have entered high school. The committee makes sure that every boy is encouraged to continue his education, and in many cases work has been secured to enable boys to continue their studies. Each member of the Enid Rotary club has two boys under his supervision whom he is to educate in Rotary principles and encourage in the effort for higher education.

Invites Neighbors to Sports —Then Wins Most Points!

MIAMI, FLA.—The local Rotary club was host to the local Civitan, Kiwanis, and Exchange clubs at a barbecue served on the grounds of the Miami-Hialeah Gold club. The barbecue was a great success—even if the supply of cutlery did run short thus compelling a few Rotarians to use fingers instead of forks. After the various athletic events had been staged a number of doctors were disappointed—for there were no casualties except a few sprains and bruises. When the final scores were reckoned up it was found that Rotary had won the meet with 30 points. The Civitans were a close second with 28, but the Exchangites and Kiwanians were somewhat off form. But the scores in friendships made that day were about equal.

Build Camp for Use of Junior Organizations of County

WINTERSET, IA.—Twenty-five members of the local Rotary club were hosts to twenty-five farmers at the banquet which marked the dedication of Camp Rotary. The camp is located on one of the most picturesque streams in the state, ten miles northwest of the city. It stands on one of the high wooded bluffs overlooking North River. The

clubhouse is 18x32 feet with a porch 12x32 feet. Split cedar posts were used in the building and the log-house type of construction was the model followed. The clubhouse cost approximately \$1000, and is dedicated to the service of boys' and girls' organizations of the county.

Rotary Stationers Pay Tribute to Their President

TOPEKA, KAN.—Rotarian Charles L. Mitchell, of Topeka, retiring president of the National Association of Stationers and Manufacturers was honored by Rotarians of his vocation at the association's convention in Des Moines. He was presented with a beautiful Rotary chain and charm, a wonderful example of the jeweler's art. The chain is of white gold inlaid with white enamel and on the end is a knife of similar materials. The spokes of the wheel charm are of platinum with six diamonds set between the spokes and a large center diamond in the hub. This tribute is a recognition of Rotarian Mitchell's efforts to promote the study of business ethics in his vocation. During the last year he has travelled more than 40,000 miles, holding conferences of the association in the United States and Canada. Not until this year have the stationers considered the preparation of a "code" and Rotarian Mitchell says that his inspiration along that line came directly from his experience in Rotary. Mr. Mitchell was also presented with a gavel made by the Waterman pen company from the black and red rubber used for fountain pen barrels.

During the past year, Mitchell has spoken at many Rotary conferences. He is now chairman of the publicity committee of his club and also chairman of the street decorating committee which will prepare Topeka streets for the Rotary district conference in April.

A Gentle Reminder for Members

LEXINGTON, Ky.—The local club sends out each month a special calendar on which the dates of the Rotary meetings are marked by small cuts of the Rotary emblem instead of the figures. These little reminders can be kept on the member's desk and have proved useful in stimulating attendance.

Wheels That Guide Wheels on Californian Highways

CHICO, CAL.—The Rotary Club of Chico has erected three large guideposts in the form of the Rotary emblem, one north, one south, and one west of the city. The wheels show the time and place of the Rotary meetings and are plainly visible from the highway. The signs are gold-lettered on a blue background.

Northern Sacramento Valley clubs have united to place similar wheels, eight

feet in diameter, in the northernmost points of California. These big wheels will carry a list of all clubs in the Valley, and the cost will be pro-rated among the clubs.

How Many Caddies Were Carrying Cups?

BETHLEHEM, PA.—The local Rotarians started something when they announced that they would offer a large silver cup and stage a golf tournament to decide which of the Lehigh Valley Rotary clubs excelled at the royal and ancient game.

After the dust had cleared away and the divots had been replaced it was found that Stroudsburg Rotary had acquired everything in sight except the cups for the best net scores in each individual club.

The tournament was a great success, six-men teams from Bethlehem, Easton, Allentown, and Stroudsburg battling lustily over the fairways and sand traps of the Saucon Valley Country Club. Stroudsburg won the championship trophy with a gross score of 544, Bethlehem

(Continued on page 64.)



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A Rotary "Indian" Camp

(Continued from page 23.)

smallest hoop with the colored cloth, 4 points for the 14-inch hoop, 2 points for the 18-inch hoop, and 1 point for the biggest hoop.

A rotation system was followed by which the line-end boy went to the head of the line when he won a certain number of points. The length of the game was determined at the outset—so many maximum points. Sometimes a hoop would be stopped by the first boy in the line. Sometimes it would run the entire gauntlet without being speared.

A SECOND game of a different sort which proved extremely popular was a tracking game. Two sides were chosen. Then Hubbard would take confetti, made at the camp, and beginning at a point within fifty feet of the camp, would leave a trail of this. At intervals he would make an "animal sign." Within twelve feet of this animal sign he would conceal a card on which the name of the animal and a number appeared; for example, "skunk" counted 10, "rabbit" 1, etc.

When he had struck the half-way point in a loop, he would terminate one trail and begin another which he would carry back to the camp in the same manner, leaving animal signs at intervals. Two sides would start out at the same time. Winners were determined on a point basis.

Hubbard also supervised genuine Indian cookery. One of the meals which "went big" with the youngsters was prepared in this fashion:

A hole was dug in the ground. A fire was built in this and continued until the ground was heated thoroughly. Then the fire was raked out and four dozen ears of sweet corn, on the cob, husks on, were placed in this hole. Dirt was raked over and another fire started on top. This was the way the Indians roasted corn, and it was the consensus of opinion among the Boulder boys that white men have never improved upon it! The corn was always consumed to the last ear.

THIS wasn't all the meal. Mrs. Myron Snow baked some corn bread (the "johnny-cake" of the East). Incidentally, throughout the camp, corn bread was a mighty favorite with the boys. Meat was provided for this meal Indian style. Beef was cut into cubes about the size of a tea cup. A boy would impale one of these cubes with a forked stick and roast it over the tepee fire. The beverage at this meal was hot chocolate.

Hubbard taught the Rotary boys how to talk in Indian language, how to build a fire without matches, and many other things.

Yes, there is an art in conducting a boys' camp, and doing the thing right. Myron Snow, commissary throughout the period, is a veteran of camp life—that is just why the Boulder Rotarians put him in charge. Neither in sleeping conditions nor in eating conditions did the camp set out to have "roughing it" stuff. In fact, the attempt was to avoid this. There were boys of all ages from 8 years up, and as regards physical preparation for camp life, most of them were "soft."

"We planned to have home meals, made from camp materials," explained Myron Snow to the writer. "We had to use considerable canned stuff, of course, but we kept the total of this down as much as we could. We used a great deal of bread and a lot of potatoes. For beverages, we had chocolate, cocoa, and coffee, also fresh milk.

"The milk was from our own camp cow. I milked her. We bought her before we went into camp and sold her when we broke up camp. On the whole transaction we figured she only cost us her transportation to Camp Rotary. The one cow did not give enough milk to go around, so we had to distribute it with careful judgment. In the morning we usually had cocoa. The use of coffee had a relation to the weather and the physical condition of the boys in the morning.

"On a cold, chilly night—we had some of these, during rainy weather, especially—we poured hot soup into the boys.

"Boys were allowed second and third helpings. After that, they had bread, butter and jam, with no limit set.

"Meals were served cafeteria style. The kitchen was at one end of the dining-room, and the boys received their food over the counter there. Each boy was expected to wash his own dishes. For this purpose we had a fire outside, and hot water enough for two large pans. A boy would wash his dishes in one pan, rinse them in a second, and then place them in his particular numbered compartment of a drying rack. This was built on the pigeon hole principle, with hardware cloth in the bottom. It was put across wooden "horses" in the sunshine.

"Each boy was given a number when he arrived at the camp. This number appeared on the drying pigeon hole which he used. 'Kitchen police' duty was taken by the boys in rotation, by number."

There is considerable work of one sort or another to be done around a boys' camp. Whether the boys enjoy it, or do it reluctantly, depends a good deal, experience at Camp Rotary shows, on the skill with which the boys are handled.

Around the grubhouse were a great many boulders which had not been re-

moved since the camp was established in 1921. Under the camp leader's instruction, these were built into a monument this summer. On the monument, the boys were permitted to "engrave" their names. The monument-and-initials stunt made all the difference in the world in the spirit with which the youngsters entered the work.

In order to get firewood up on to the mountain side, a contest would be started. Then there was fun in it!

"Majority rule" was a feature of the camp. On the hike, when the question of a meal came up, or where to go, or any other point, the question was put up to the boys.

"First bell" was tapped at 6 o'clock. If there was wood to be gotten, the youngsters turned out and got it in at that time. There was another bell at 6:45, when the boys washed up for breakfast. The 7 o'clock bell was the signal for the morning repast.

ONE of the first things the camp did this year was to blaze a trail to Tungsten. Daily, some of the boys hiked out for mail. It is possible another year that Tungsten will be forgotten, so far as Camp Rotary is concerned, the suggestion being made that even contact with the outside world to this extent detracts from the camp's full possibilities for usefulness.

One of the surprises met with at Camp Rotary is the fact that the camp enjoys "city" water and telephone facilities. The main pipeline of the Boulder city water supply passes the camp. A telephone line already existing into a mine made the telephone feasible. Another year, there is possibility of electric current for light.

The camp is located on two sides of North Boulder Creek. The buildings comprising the camp are the "grubhouse," a frame building put up by Rotarians, which will seat thirty at a time; a log cabin on the opposite side of the creek, and, about 300 feet distant, and a screened bunkhouse. Removed from the camp at some distance is a cabin which Mr. and Mrs. Snow occupied this year.

Boys were expected to bring three or four blankets. The club furnished straw ticks. The youngsters took one change of clothing. The club furnished transportation in and out, and food, etc. The charge was \$9 for the ten-day period. The cost of the fourteen-day period, in charge of Ralph Hubbard, was \$15.00. Publicity, including some advertising in Boulder newspapers, helped to create interest in the camp.

There were thirty-three boys in the first group, seventeen in the second, and eighteen in the third. The camp began in July and continued until close to the end of August.

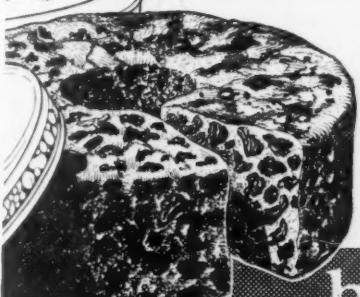
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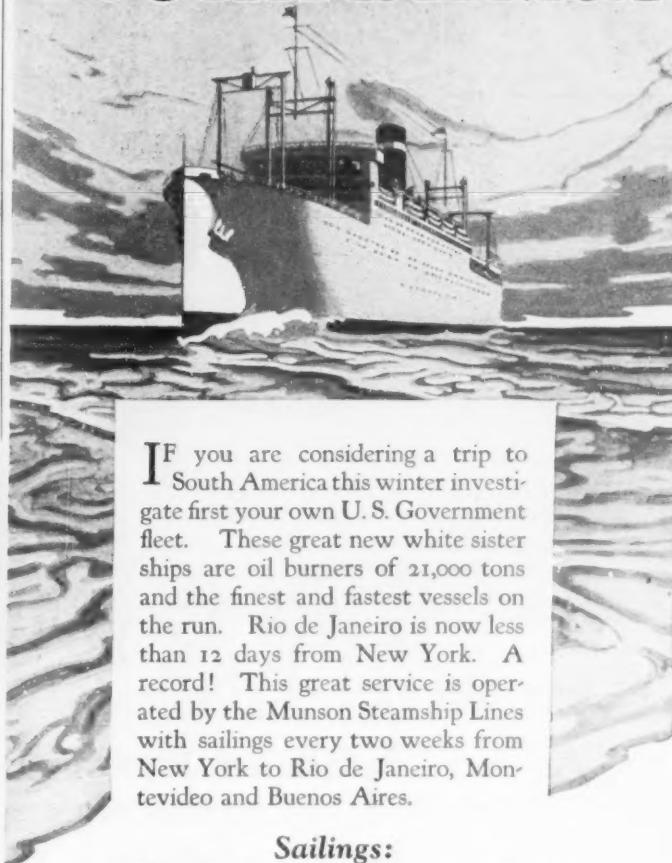
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THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

Comment About Books

(Continued from page 29.)

only slightly differentiated from their fellows. In "The Hope of Happiness" (Scribner's) Meredith Nicholson presents us with an impartial view of modern society which avoids both yellow journalism and its sister, the homily.

The story follows the various fortunes of Bruce Storrs, architect and ex-soldier, who is embarrassed by a maternal trust—the command to associate his own life with that of his real father, Franklin Mills. Mills is the "leading citizen" of a mid-west town, where he exerts a velvet-gloved power over town affairs and over the destinies of his charming but wayward daughter, and his super-sensitive son. Mills plans to extend his dominion to include the destinies of Millicent Harden, a young lady of many accomplishments and arresting personality. How Bruce helps straighten out the tangled affairs of the Mills family when the father's selfishness forces a series of crises, how he leads his father to "the hope of happiness," marries Millicent himself, and wins success in his profession, provides material for a very readable novel and welcome relief from the "handwriting on the wall" critics of society.

Constructive English. By Francis K. Ball. Ginn. 458 pp.

THE Society for Pure English has an expert ally in Dr. Francis K. Ball, whose "Constructive English" is the most compact book of good English usage published in recent years. What the student needs upon his desk and the business man in his office, for constant reference, is a book which will answer his questions on all matters of usage as authoritatively as the dictionary answers for words. Such a book cannot be dogmatic, for there are diversities of practice and expression to be reckoned with. But Dr. Ball, an experienced editor of manuscripts for a large publishing house, has spent a number of years building up his little book upon the best models and the reasons why they are the best. For the student of grammar, for the letter writer, for those who are concerned with the preparation of manuscripts, as an example of proper usage in conversation, this volume is a *vade mecum*. It contains a remarkably complete index and system of cross references to the wealth of information in its twelve chapters.

The Mental Spark Plug. By F. D. Van Amburgh. Silent Partner Company, New York City.

WHEREVER the giant forges of industry send their reverberations thundering down the ways of life there is an accompanying flash and sparkle of aphorism. Particularly is this true in America

where the populace loves the brief, pithy, maxim; the pungent epigram. F. D. Van Amburgh needs little introduction to readers of THE ROTARIAN. Many have known him as a former governor of the old Second District; many others have made his acquaintance via "The Silent Partner." These last, particularly, will be interested in his volume "The Mental Spark Plug," published by The Silent Partner Co., New York. There they will find nearly four hundred pages of aphorisms, maxims, and pithy paragraphs,

well designed to inculcate hope and ambition. If you have any young employee whose latent talents, you consider, seem to need just a little yeast that he may achieve maximum effectiveness, give him this book for a Christmas present—and get another copy for yourself. Van Amburgh's crisp sentences have neither the diamond polish of Montaigne's nor the sonorous roll of those penned by Epictetus—but they have a certain shrewd Yankee wit which should induce first, action—then, success.

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"Number 3333"—and the Code

(Continued from page 17.)

stupid as a police unless it is the business-is-business kind of men who employ the police. And it would be easy to get even. Get even! That was the thing! The idiocy of anyone thinking a sane, healthy man would do anything else. That was the law of business—an eye for an eye—dollar for dollar, with compound interest! And the most vicious usurer cannot compute compound interest with the same glorious satisfaction that a man can do who is used to the great open spaces and is suddenly and involuntarily penned for a term within the four walls of a cell!

The parole board sent for Pug one day and read to him a lot of things he was supposed to do during the period of his parole and asked him if he was prepared to promise to do them. He smiled and promised to "try." He had his tongue in his cheek! And so they turned him loose. And he became "free" again.

A new Pug this time. A Pug with a very sensitive resolve, an objective in life. A Pug that brought all his old zest of the football game into the carrying out of his resolve. Society had got him on a first down and he had a number of yards to gain to carry the ball of his resolve where he intended it should go. There would be things in the way. Of course society had little things like laws and courts and police—but what sort of fun would a football game be if there were nothing to stop the progress of a plunging line? And so Pug started in. He was cautious and he worked fast.

BUT communication is quicker in these days than it used to be. And so society got the ball on a stupid fumble and Pug became a number again. This time it was No. 3333 and the steel racks in which the numbers were kept when they were not being worked in the shops were different. There was a different kind of warden and a different sort of chaplain. Still he was a warden and the penitentiary was *not* the goal at which Pug aimed. And he was just a bit mentally sore because he was there. He wasn't quite so sore about society. It was his own fault that he was there—his own stupidity. There were several little things he hadn't quite calculated right. The arm of society was too long for him—it's reach was greater. He hadn't dodged just when he should and the tackles had gotten him. And he knew he was quite a bit smarter than they were and had a plain open field before him.

Oh! no! It was No. 3333 who had been stupid this time. And he wondered why.

The different sort of warden smiled a lot and called the variegated numbers in

the steel rack "boys" and "fellows" and occasionally "men," just like they weren't numbers at all. That, however, was just his psychological complex, thought No. 3333. He got to know the warden rather well and the warden got to know him. The warden was just a "heluva" fellow for getting to know his "boys." In chapel there wasn't a whole lot of abstract preaching and phrase sounding. There was quite a lot of straight talking and joking and telling funny stories that didn't have a thing to do with prison or eternal salvation or anything like that. Occasionally a visitor from outside would drop in and the "boys" were brought into the chapel of an evening to listen to the visitors talk. Mostly they talked in the same old sort of way—uplift stuff. But the evenings in the chapel at least relieved the tedium of thinking about the things that aren't. Curious, but a fact, that about the same things aren't in most prisons.

THE warden was a member of an organization of business men. And the warden liked to get fellows of that organization to visit the prison. He played jokes on them sometimes by having a deputy warden meet them at the railroad station and bring them to the prison and treat them as incoming prisoners—making them go through all the routine save the barber shop—and making them believe they were going to be put through the barber shop, too. It created many a laugh among the trustees—the dismay of the victims of these jokes.

One day while at work in the warden's office, to which he was assigned, No. 3333 came upon a document that carried a heading—"Code of Ethics." No. 3333 smiled a bit when he saw that heading. Old stuff!! How many generations had played at codifying ethics! What wonderful exercise it was for the phrase makers! Rather idly, No. 3333 read the first paragraph:

To consider my vocation worthy, as affording me an opportunity to serve society.

There was a brand new idea—an occupation as a means to serve society!

"Uh—," mused the philosophical No. 3333. "This bird has sure pulled a new one. Let's have a look—"

To improve myself, increase my efficiency and enlarge my service and by so doing attest my faith in the fundamental principle that he profits most who serves best.

"A loo loo!—that 'he profits most who serves best,'" quoth No. 3333. "We'll have to look into this farther."

To realize that I am a business man and ambitious to succeed, but that I am first an ethical man and wish no success that is not founded on the highest justice and morality.

"WOW—and oski-wow-wow!! with a couple tigers—some boy, I calls you, pro-

fessor," and No. 3333 really became interested.

To hold that the exchange of my goods, my services, and my ideas for profit is legitimate and ethical, provided that all parties in the exchange are benefited thereby.

"Poor old Treska and his I. W. W. ideas—I wonder where he'd find an answer for that?" and No. 3333's mind wandered back to the old days in the open spaces with the wobblies.

To use my best endeavors to elevate the standards of the vocation in which I am engaged and so to conduct my affairs that others in my vocation may find it wise, profitable, and conducive to happiness to emulate my example.

"Well, well, now whatcheknow about that?" No. 3333 became absorbed. "And there's eleven of 'em. Um-m-'give added service beyond strict measure of debt and obligation'—umm-umm—'true friends demand nothing of one another'—'no personal success legitimate which is gained by unfair advantage'—nor will I take advantage of opportunities to achieve material success that others will not take because of the questionable morality involved.'—Some bunch o' ideas. Got a bit of a ring to 'em. Gotta give this thing the "double O" when I've got more time. Wonder where these birds got that stuff?"

And No. 3333 returned to his books, after carefully folding the "Code of Ethics" and putting it in his pocket. He asked the warden about it and the warden told him it was the code of the organization to which he belonged.

THERE are only two ways to end this story. One of them is to have No. 3333 study the Code of Ethics and sprout wings and become a model prisoner and get out on parole and go to work as an honest man and pile up a big fortune with a Code of Ethics hanging in front of his desk and marry the girl and everything! And the other is to have him laugh at the code, and get out of jail with a pick ax some night, killing a guard or two on the way, then make a break for the open spaces where he is finally tracked down with bloodhounds and properly hanged after due trial and conviction!

The only trouble with both of these endings is that this is a true story and neither of them happened. No. 3333 didn't get out of the pen—or if he did he is just out, because his sentence has just about expired and there wasn't any hope for him to get a parole again because of his record. But he *did* study the Code of Ethics. And he applied the same philosophy, the same understanding of psychology, the same keen knowledge bred through his years with men who lived on their wits—the same that he had applied to the conventional sermons of the chaplain and the conventional tracts and advice of the welfare workers in his first term. In other words, being a human being despite the constant irri-

tation over the things that aren't—in prisons—No. 3333 applied just ordinary, human horse sense to the Code of Ethics. And he found—

BUT just suppose we let No. 3333 tell it over again himself—it will bear reprinting in THE ROTARIAN, seeing as how it took the second prize in a prize contest this magazine conducted two years ago when he sent it in from the "pen" where he was a prisoner. On second thought, we won't do anything of the kind—we won't reprint that prize stuff. We'll do better. We'll print what he told a bunch of his fellow-prisoners at one of those welfare sort o' functions that were welcomed because they took the place of other things that aren't—lots of things that aren't—in prisons. I will quote him, exactly as he said it:

"What meaning has Rotary for us whom the world has placed aside? You see every day great, long trains, speeding on their way. You take small notice of each of the individual cars composing the train. They are performing their duty and consequently merit only casual attention. Go into the large railway yards. There you will find the cars that have been found in defective condition. Men are busy correcting the faults so that these cars may again take their place in the speeding trains. The people of the world who adhere to the laws of society are like the cars in the speeding train. We here can be compared to the cars set aside on the repair tracks. Skilled engineers are engaged to supervise the repair of the wrecked cars. Trained men are engaged by the state to aid us in our return to conformity. The cars are entirely in the hands of the men working upon them. Unlike the cars, we, as thinking men, must by our own thoughts, studies, and actions aid the men who are helping us if we are to come to a stage of improvement which will make us fit to take our place in the train of life."

"The Rotarian places himself in the other fellow's shoes and thereby gets an understanding of him. His understanding of the other man guides him in his actions toward people and no suffering is brought by his actions, but instead we find brotherhood and peaceful energetic life. Rotary is more than a mere organization. It is a spirit and this spirit sends forth to the world the message of goodwill and friendship. It calls men to serve for the love of the service and in the name of the Creator of all things. There are no rewards in Rotary without service and the service must not be merely theoretical—but active and physical. Rotary calls on men to court the strength and will to pay for the successful advances in life; to realize at all times that the other fellow must have a place to toil and succeed; to give full measure



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for value received and even throw in a little for good measure; to give his best efforts for his community; to regard every man as a fellow servant; to respect women; to win the love of youth; to serve faithfully the Master who conceived the world.

"Here you find an organization of business men agreeing that there should be equal opportunity for all men. Rotary is composed of the men who are conducting the big businesses and the small businesses of this world. They agree that they do not want the whole pie. This is the answer that I give to those who will say that "there is no chance today; the big fellows have gobbled everything." Business men will welcome competition, if it acts fairly. Rotary calls us to take our place in the world. Its code teaches us a way to live and achieve happiness, success, and respect. It welcomes us into the fold of real life. Its individual

members invite us as competitors. Our actions, our conduct, our regard for moral laws will determine the place we are to take. Rigidly adhere to the principles that I have tried to make clear and you will find life gradually weaving happiness and success for you. The battle will at first be hard. You will be choosing the path of the greatest resistance. The odds will be against you. Roses will not carpet your path. Time will pass and the endeavors exerted will bring you over the rocks unto the grass. The climb will become easier as you go up. The happiness that will then be yours will erase from your mind the memories of the present gloom and heartache. You will look back to these days as the starting point. You will be serving others and that service will be bringing you reward in both material and friends."

That's all!

The Christmas Lights

By ARTHUR MELVILLE

THEY gleam in golden radiance
Where the roaring traffic goes;
They flash in sudden variance
From still'd eternal snows;
They shine on lonely coral strand—
In jungle, or on desert waste;
They sparkle on the mountain lake
Frost's master hand has traced.

Wherever . . . on land or sea,
Their shimmering glow pervades;
Wherever tinseled gift-tree
Its scintillation aids;
Wherever, in spectrum glory,
Iridescent they appeal;
Wherever the age-old story
Their beauties may reveal:

They guide us to an Eastern star,
Which hangs o'er a manger low;
They lead our thought afield so far,
That thought is lost in wonder-glow.
Wherever a kindly deed is done,
Man's love with love returns;
Wherever God and Man are one,
Its Light Eternal burns.

Friendship

By MARIAN MARVIN

FRIENDSHIP is the sort of thing
That never quits when you are ill
Or tired or broke, but hastens to bring
The help you need to climb the hill.

Have a Hobby—Ride It Hard!

(Continued from page 21.)

attempts to paint pictures in his spare time. I know of no one else in all the world who gets the enjoyment he does out of a hobby, yet his paintings are hopelessly impossible. Because his works are so sub-mediocre he is forced to keep the hobby under cover and only a very few of his intimate friends are aware of the fact that he attempts to paint.

"I start off full of enthusiasm," he told me, "and I'm dead sure I'm going to turn out a real painting. When that burst of enthusiasm is on me I do splendid work and all thoughts of business are completely blotted out; then as the work goes on and the business portion of my mind becomes rested, my thoughts unconsciously turn to the problems of the day. Then my hand wavers a bit and I continue to work in a desultory fashion while I calmly and logically solve merchandising problems that have completely swamped me during the day. I'll always be a dub at this painting but it's a hobby that is worth thousands to me for .. gives me mental rest and the ability to think and reason clearly."

NO man in the public eye ever had more hobbies than did Roosevelt; it is a matter of record that he jumped from one hobby to another and to each he gave a full measure of enthusiasm. At various times he acknowledged that his outdoor hobbies kept him fit mentally and physically gave him what ability he had to carry a heavy load of responsibility and do it—in the opinion of many of us—in an outstandingly efficient manner.

Brain-fag and frayed nerves are too much in evidence these days. No man can succeed under such handicaps. A clear brain and a reasonably strong body are needed to carry a man to the top. The ancient axiom of all work and no play making Jack a dull boy, contains a wealth of truth. There is a hobby within the reach of every business and professional man—that hobby may be a queer one but if one takes pleasure in riding it and if the hobby gives a man mental relaxation, it will make him a better citizen, a better husband, and a better business or professional man. A hobby will add years to the average life—if you don't believe it, just consult a physician. The individual who suffers from nerves, even when cured by rest and relaxation is never as efficient as he once was—that statement should be carefully considered by those busy scoffers who claim they cannot take the time to ride a hobby.

Take any representative gathering of leading business and professional men

—say a meeting of the Rotary Club. Note the faces before you—how many of them are lined with care?—tiny wrinkles around the corners of the eyes and creases on the brows, hands slightly nervous—when you see a man of that appearance you may readily and accurately conclude that he is a man devoting too much time to his business and not enough to hobbies. Today he is a leader—tomorrow and next year he will be forced to retire, old, broken, and useless.

Is it worth it? Is any business or profession really worth the sacrifice of health—is there any monetary compensation that can take the place of a steady hand, a sound appetite, a clear mind, and a sturdy and useful old age? Can you measure the contentment of a happy home by the yardstick of a bank account?

This isn't a sermon—it's just common sense. It even smacks of advice and the net of that advice is this:

"Have a hobby—Ride it hard!"



Crossroads of Conversation

Could the telephone directory in the hands of each subscriber be revised from hour to hour, there would be no need for the information operator. But even during its printing and binding, thousands of changes take place in the telephone community. New subscribers are added to the list. Old ones move their places of business or of residence.

Though their names are not listed on the directory, these subscribers must be connected by the highways of speech with all others in the community. To supplement the printed page, there must be guides at the crossroads of conversation.

Such are the information operators, selected for their task because of quickness and accuracy, courtesy and intelligence. At their desks, connected with the switchboards in central offices, they relieve the regular operators from answering thousands of questions about telephone numbers that would otherwise impede the rendering of service. If they are unnecessarily asked for numbers already in the directory, service is retarded.

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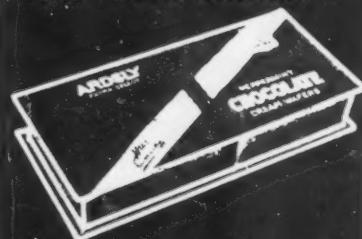
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carton for you to use in mailing us
your collars. Write for details and say, "Send me a box."

Collartown Laundry
492 Cannon Place Troy, N. Y.

The Blackest Christmas

(Continued from page 19.)

Some furniture was sold, and hope renewed. But later the parents had had to send the girl to live with relatives, hoping that this enforced separation would be brief. Meanwhile Brown, once the red-coated guardian of miles of wilderness, knew the added humiliation of being unable to guard his own.

Why, it was a corking good sob-story, and the Cub realized that it was *his* story. Here was a chance to show what he could do, here was something to *write*. The Cub had a swift dazzling vision of a big black feature headline—the headline of *his* story. What a thing to exhibit in the office, to nonchalantly pass over to Margie at home—he would show them, he would—

BUT suddenly his reporter's training in caution laid an icy hand on his growing thoughts. Suppose it wasn't true? Suppose Brown was one of the fakers who sought charity under false pretenses. Suppose—No! Everything in the Cub seemed to flame into sudden fierce revolt. It must be true—he couldn't give up that story—he *would* have his chance. How—?

The careless, sulky, slouching Cub, was gone. A new man, a man young in years but suddenly old in resource, had taken his place. A man whose brain was cleared of fatigue, whose body was vibrant with the joy of a worthy task. The Cub had found a purpose, he was going to make a Christmas, to write a story.

In snapping sentences he outlined his scheme and thrilled to the warm look the matron gave him. As he dashed out he did not see how long that look followed him nor how her eyes showed a sudden glint of tears.

Diving into the throng again the Cub charged recklessly among the traffic and as a street car came shrieking round a curve, the Cub made a flying dive for the rear platform. Once on his way he had time to think out his campaign. He had Brown's address and soon he would have a check on the story. If it were true—oh, but it must be true. Somehow, the Cub felt, Brown was on the level—he was no faker, just a decent working man without a job. The Cub glowered impatiently as the street car clanged and banged its way along the greasy rails.

As it reached his corner the Cub was the first passenger out, and as the car moved on he was already tearing up a flight of stairs to the Legion headquarters. Good Luck! The post adjutant was at his desk. In a flying barrage of words the Cub explained what was wanted and why. The red-faced adjutant became first interested, then excited. "Sure I know," the adjutant nodded wisely, "but you want to get this bird's

papers looked up. We'll go over and we'll see what can be done. Maybe the Knights of Columbus or some other bunch will take a hand too. But we'll have to have 'action front' if we are to do much."

Half an hour later, the Cub was in a car that whizzed through the business section, shot through several side streets each dingier than the last, and halted before a little grocery half hidden in the basement of a two-story cottage. Climbing out the Cub inquired at the grocery for Brown's quarters. The grocer's boy, a young Italian with talkative hands and velvet eyes, indicated that Brown lived above. The searchers climbed two flights of rickety stairs and pounded at a low white door. Luck again favored the Cub, for it was Brown himself who opened.

While introducing himself, the Cub glanced swiftly over the place. Two tiny rooms, no furniture worth mentioning, and a stove about big enough to warm a cat, seemed to be the sum total of Brown's effects. But the little rooms were clean though bare, and there were some pathetic attempts at comfort. The Cub gave a sign of relief—the story seemed closer.

With a brusqueness that could not entirely hide his real feeling, the visitor got the details of Brown's story and found that they checked up. The faded and worn discharge certificate which Brown produced acted like a talisman on the Cub, and he was sure it would be equally effective with the Legion. But the Cub was impatient to get at his story ere it was too late and having arranged for Brown to call at Legion headquarters, the Cub gave him a quick, strong, grip—then bolted without revealing any more of his plans.

ONCE back in the office the Cub again planted himself at the battered desk with its edge scarred by cigarette burns. A glance at the clock showed that he had been gone over two hours—well, if his luck held he could make the first afternoon edition—that would give him almost thirty-six hours before the cathedral bells started their Christmas carol. The Cub whipped out his cigarettes, spread them in a long row before him, snatched a handful of copy-paper and began. With frowning concentration he wrote on and on utterly oblivious to his surroundings, and as he wrote he felt that weird prickling chill again—the Cub had got the feel of his story.

It was done at last, and reading over the triple-spaced copy, he knew that it was well done. True it was flamboyant journalism, but the Cub did not know that, he simply knew that it had a kick,

that it would make people act. True it was full of such phraseology as "the hands that once held a rifle so steadily now trembled under the realization of helplessness against poverty," but the Cub had found a flock of good similes, even if he could not always control them. He had stressed the main idea, the vital necessity of action, action within thirty-six hours by some good Samaritans or else—The Blackest Christmas. That last phrase would even make a good head, and he pictured the legend in big, black type.

Now that the story was done what would happen to it? Would it be butchered by impassive copy-readers as had so often been the fate of the Cub's stories? Or, worse yet, would it be killed entirely? For a moment cold fear gripped the Cub, then his head went up proudly. No! It was a *story*—it must live.

It did, though when the copy-readers and the city editor had finished with it, it was a stronger story though a plainer one. More than that, it made the edition before the creeping hands of the clock could close in on it. The Cub, suddenly summoned by his city editor, was thrilled by a curt word of praise, and wildly elated by the command to go and get more of it—to hunt through the Juvenile Court where youngsters alternately defiant and miserable were relating their first experiences in crime; to chase copy amid the funny smells and squalid surroundings of the foreign quarters; to make the rounds of the charitable organizations; to haunt the headquarters of Rotary, Kiwanis, Elks and the other organizations; to consult with red-collared Salvation Army officers, grey-clad social workers, and immaculate nurses; to comb the city for "sob-stories" which should rouse readers to Christmas responsibilities and scatter Christmas joys.

DASHING around like a frantic pup on these various errands the Cub forgot his own story—forgot everything except that the world was full of stories and he was to get them—to seek them out and crystallize them into burning words. When he had returned and had at last cleared his desk of the litter of notes he leaned back and realized with a start that his story must be out—if it was ever coming out. Eagerly grabbing an afternoon edition he started automatically to hunt through the back pages. It was not there, and with sudden bitter feeling the Cub was just about to hurl the paper aside when he saw that he had at last "made" the coveted front page. With one swift sweep of his eye he seemed to take it all in—the big bold-face feature head—the double-column display. The story—*his* story—had gone across!

After that things seemed to be a continuous whirl of good tidings. There was a new respect in the greeting of his colleagues. Even the magnificent Harris

gave him a friendly nod and the little dark-eyed "sob-sister," just returned from the divorce court, smilingly congratulated the Cub on "beating her at her own trade." Everyone seemed revealed in a new light—the Cub was dizzy with the discovery of unsuspected personalities. Why these people were his friends—they were interested in his work—they were actually big enough to acknowledge his success. The Cub was learning fast!

When he took his tired body to the elevator it was so natural to toss friendly badinage to old Jimmy—to see Jimmy's

time-eroded face light up in response. It was so easy to join a friendly group around the white-topped restaurant tables, to join in the discussion of the day's news. It was so good to be young, alive, and successful at one's chosen trade. It was so good to think, as he hurriedly prepared for bed, of the letter he would write to Margie. It was so good to lie and dream.

Christmas Eve was even better, it seemed. The Old Man, a ferocious personage who dwelt in great seclusion behind grey-glass doors, had issued an edict. The edict stated that the Old Man



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Visiting Rotarians Welcome*

approved of the Cub's stories—of all that sort of stories—that the Old Man desired more of it—and still more.

ANOTHER day of frantic rushing hither and yon, another day of finding humanity in all its disguises, another day—just one short day—in which to save a few more Christmases for those in need. All the giant power of the Standard was massed and put to work. Bales of clothing—boxes of toys—baskets of edibles—came flying in from all directions.

Trucks went thundering through the city and returned with loads of Christmas stuff. Scores of men and women were suddenly recruited to handle the distribution. Everybody on the staff had too much to do—and did it. Volunteers, worthy and prosperous citizens, much like that big man who had first started the Cub's flight to glory, came rushing to help. Stories poured in by dozens, a Standard fund was started and gathered momentum as it went.

So busy was the Cub that the adjutant had to call him three times before he could respond to a plea for the latest news of Brown. It seemed that the adjutant had called a Legion meeting and had briefly and simply outlined the facts. The Legionnaires had not said much but they had acted. When the adjutant announced that he had spent Legion funds without waiting for authority to do so, there had been a contemptuous grunt. These ex-soldiers were not disposed to strangle kindly feeling with red tape, they had seen quite enough of that. When he suggested further funds, a hat started going the rounds. Though work was scarce, and these men had families, that hat was productive. Someone had promised Brown a job. The Cub could hardly grasp it all!

Well, Brown's Christmas was saved; that story had done its work. Now what? The Cub realized that he had started something, but hardly knew what. He was very happy—and very tired. He suddenly felt a longing to be at home—to spend Christmas with his mother down state, and, of course, he would have to see Margie. He would like to go home but—well you can't go home when you have no money. Besides there was Margie and the others, he ought to buy some presents. Well, he couldn't—that was all, he'd just have to worry along somehow. Perhaps when she saw the story she would forgive him—but then perhaps Fat would—oh, damn Fat!

The Cub still sat there thinking when a hurrying clerk dropped a check on his desk. "Paying today because of the holidays. Bit bigger this time, the Old Man gave you a bonus for that sob-stuff. I'll say you're lucky. An' he says he'll give you a raise on the first." The Cub's brain seemed sizzling.

A stammered plea to Harvey, a hurried call to his landlady, and the Cub had whipped his tired body into a final effort.

He was going home—home! A swift dash around the office, a general good-bye and Christmas greeting, another dash into the cigar store to cash that check, then a race after a suitcase, and the Cub was on his way.

SNUGGLING down on the uncom-promising seat of a train, the Cub drew his coat collar around his ears and prepared for the long ride. How bright the lights were on the streets—how happy everyone seemed. It was snowing, too, that seemed most appropriate. Some-where in the distance church bells were chiming. Yes, it was the "Adeste Fi-delis." Christmas was coming—had come—Christmas—and Margie. Margie—the Cub's head went back on the hard seat, he began to picture the little home town. How glad they would be to see him—and how proud! But this was only a beginning, he'd show them! Mean-while he would tell her all about it, and about—his head dropped and, still smiling, the Cub fell asleep.

The other passengers saw only a slim, tired youth, from whose pocket there protruded a newspaper, a paper carrying a headline about "The Blackest Christ-mas" but Margie would have seen a man, her man. For the Cub had received the invisible gift, the gift that comes from giving.

* * * * *
... And the sun went down upon the hills and darkness crept upon the land, yet the man remained in the bazaar and did eagerly debate with himself concerning this matter of gifts. The noise and the shouting of porters it was hushed, and there was no sound saving only the call of the watch upon the city wall. Nevertheless the man sat there, and meditated, for he wist not that it was night, being busied with his thoughts.

And behold the moon rode up into the sky so that presently it shone over the great wall, and the light thereof clove the darkness of the night even as a sword cleaveth a cloak in sunder.

Now it was about the hour of the sec-ond watch when the man arose with a great cry so that many turned from the wine drinking and gathered unto him. And he spake unto them saying "Behold a miracle! For verily I say unto you that whosoever shall give unto others, aye, even unto the least of his fellows, he giveth also something unto himself. And who so doeth, he needeth not for himself the gifts which are of this world. For unto him is given a gift more precious, a gift which none hath seen, neither may it be bought of kings."

And having said these things he got him hence. Yet they which were gathered did linger to speak concerning the man, and concerning the things which he had said, and concerning the light of his countenance which was exceeding bright. Wherefore his words be known in the basaars even unto this day.

Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

(Continued from page 28.)

His friendships with older men are famous. Thomas Hardy, the beloved octogenarian English poet, is one of his closest friends and one for whom he has a deep affection. Lord Balfour and David Lloyd George are two distinguished British statesmen who are on the Prince of Wales' list of dear and respected friends. And on this list also, in a very special place, is George Lane, Canada's biggest rancher. George Lane is big in himself as well as in his possessions of land, horses, and cattle. He is a shaggy-haired, shaggy-eyebrowed, shaggy-mustached man, a "king-boss" of the cowboys, a doer of big things, and withal a quiet-voiced man, most gentle in manner; and with a reputation for speaking only when he has something to say.

The Prince took a great fancy to George Lane four years ago when he was in Canada. He went down to the Bar-U ranch below Calgary and participated in a big round-up then in progress. The great sweep of the ranch country lying at the foothills of the Rockies strongly appealed to him; with the final result that he bought the ranch next to the Bar-U. He named it the "E. P."—his own signature being Edward P. He placed Professor W. G. Carlyle in charge of it.

I said earlier in this article that I would mention how the Prince of Wales rested on the "E. P." He rode the range from early morning till noon nearly every day. He planted trees and dug post-holes. He shot duck, prairie chicken, and partridge. He fished for trout in the Highwood. He was as strenuous in his work-outs as an athlete preparing for a race. He is extraordinarily active and vigorous. His favorite sports are riding, polo, and golf. Every day that he spent in Calgary, he played golf from early morning till late in the afternoon. In short, he went out to enjoy to the full the change that life in the west permitted him to have, free from officialdom and from the daily demands made upon members of the Royal family in England.

ON one day only while in Canada did "Lord Renfrew" become again the Prince of Wales. He has been greatly interested in the Calgary Stampede. This, by the way, is an event put on mainly by Rotarians. His serious purpose in owning the "E. P." property is to improve the quality of Western Canada's horses, livestock, and sheep. Towards this end, he has stocked the ranch with the finest animals procurable in King George's and his own stables, as well as others of famous pedigree. A steeplechase rider himself, he naturally takes a very special interest in the remarkable riding feats of the West's cowboys. So on the

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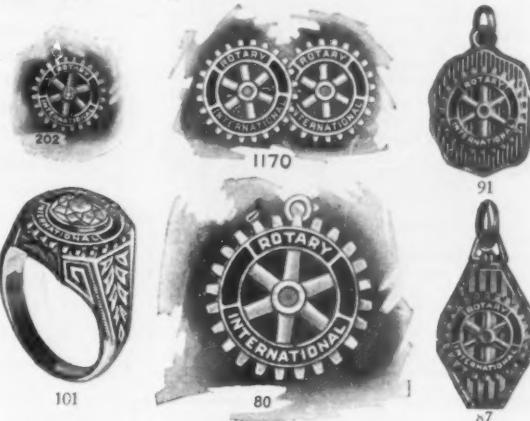
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one occasion when he resumed his royal rank it was to present officially his own superb silver statuette of a horse to Pete Vandemeer, of Calgary, winner at the Calgary Stampede of the Champion Bucking Horse Riding Contest. Pete and the Prince became great cronies during the latter's visit. The Prince unaffectedly admired Pete's riding skill, while Pete allowed "that they don't make 'em any better than the Prince." Pete has undertaken to defend his title at the next Stampede and the Prince is coming back to see the contest if he can make it.

Now some of you good republican Rotarians who read this will be saying: "Well, isn't it just because he is the Prince of Wales that so much to-do is made about him?" It is of course natural and proper that we pay respect to high office, and if the right man is in the high position, respect for it and for him brings an advantage to society. But that is not everything in the case of the Prince of Wales. I can picture princes—we know of some of them—who would not capture the interest, much less the affection, of the people of British Dominions. But, bear in mind, this young Prince was liked just as much by the people of New York and Washington four years ago as he was liked by the people of Canada, and of Australia, and of New

Zealand. No, it is more than that. It is not only that he did his bit during the war; nor that he has genuine ability of a first-class sort. It is perhaps his amazing personal charm, his unaffected democracy, his tremendous joy in living. He has personality raised to the *n*th power. He wins the respect and the affection of hard-fisted Alberta cowboys just as inevitably as he wins the close regard and admiration of poets and statesmen. He possesses the love of the people of the British Empire as no Prince of the Royal Family has ever had it.

Having regard to the circumstances of his life, is it not remarkable that he has grown up so unspoilt, so delightful a combination of naturalness and dignity, so free from the slightest trace of affectation or snobbishness? Canadians who have observed him give him credit for possessing great poise and sound character, but they invariably add that Queen Mary must have been a pretty fine mother to bring up her boy-Prince so successfully. As for us out here in the sunny Alberta foothills of the Rockies, all we regret is that the Prince of Wales cannot make himself Hereditary and Perpetual Boss of the "E. P." and come and live on his Pekisko ranch from now on.

Cardan—the Conqueror

(Continued from page 10.)

out of everything. People don't trouble to speak to us. I thought—"

"Well, what did you think?" asked Cardan as she hesitated.

"I thought, perhaps, if you were not making a lot of money here you might sell out, and we might go somewhere where people would not be so cold to us. I don't know why they don't like us. I've tried so hard to be nice to everybody; and it makes me so unhappy to be out of everything."

"Well, I'm out of everything, ain't I?" Cardan demanded. "I'm out of the Rotary and all those clubs, ain't I? And what do I care? What's it to me, if they've all got a sour grouch against me? I know why—they're sore because I'm doing business Cardan's way; because I'm showing these cheap pikers where they get off. Forget it! Forget them; we'll show them. I've got them all scared."

"Yes, but that isn't everything in life, is it, dear? Life isn't so long, is it? And so much of life is in being happy while we are living it; in having friends we like and who like us. Why, we're nothing here; we're not part of the town; we're just a store—we're nothing but 'Cardan's' and some pages of paid advertising. I don't know how to say it, but I feel as if 'Cardan's' was a steel cage that shut in my heart from all the friend-

liness and companionship there is in this lovely town—and shut out all the friendship that might come to me. And that might come to you. Making money is not the only thing in the world, is it?"

"I'm not making so much, if it comes to that," said Cardan. "I will, though, when I've run these cheap skates out of business."

"But couldn't we go away?" she asked again. "Couldn't you sell out and go somewhere else—somewhere where we could be part of things, somewhere where we could like people and people could like us?"

"We could not!" said Cardan, and that settled that.

The next day Hufflin brought the news that Tremains would give their line to Cardan. It was triumph for Cardan the Conqueror. It was another knife-thrust in the vitals of Blane & Riggs.

On the sixteenth of October, Blane & Riggs went under; Cardan competition was too strong; his prices were too ruinous. At the creditors' sale, Cardan's bought the Blane & Riggs stock and the retail selling of it was an orgy of price slaughter. For two weeks women fought to get into Cardan's; Cardan's gross sales for the two weeks exceeded any gross sales ever made in Riverbank.

But Cardan's made no profit on the huge sales and it had one unfortunate

result: so much of the Blane & Riggs stock had been Tremain suits and so many women had bought to the limit of their purses that Cardan's had to slaughter its new Tremain stock as well. There was no help for it; Cardan's had to sell because Cardan's had agreed to take such an overwhelming lot of Tremain goods.

That fall and winter Cardan the Conqueror began to show worry lines on his face. His store was well crowded with purchasers but his big overhead expense swallowed his petty profits at a gulp and was not sated. It bit into his capital and was not satisfied. And no one had comfort or friendship for Cardan, to lighten his worries. He had not even a partner to quarrel with and blame. So he quarreled with his wife. Sometimes, in his irritation, he swore at her. But Cardan's was selling slathers of goods. Cardan's was, to all appearances, a prosperous and triumphant store. Frequently, in the early afternoon, Cardan the Conqueror, standing in his store's doorway, saw groups of laughing, cheerful merchants come out of the Riverbank Hotel, gathering in little clusters and then going up or down the street, in two's or three's to their business places. Among them he often saw Blane, a little grayer and not so well dressed, for Blane & Riggs had now only a small notion store.

III.

THE Riverbank *Eagle*, Cardan saw, had headlines on its report of the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce—"Roger Carter Again Heads Chamber of Commerce—Sam Blane Unanimously Chosen as Vice-President," but Cardan did not read the report; he turned to the page that held his huge display advertisement, for it did not interest him to read that Roger Carter's efficiency had added twenty-two new members to the Chamber's roll, or that Sam Blane, of Blane & Riggs, was one of Riverbank's best beloved citizens, or that everyone would rejoice because he had been elected to this office, for which his backers had been his fellow-members of Rotary. He found it more important to frown because the scare-head of his advertisement—"Cardan's Adds a Complete Notion Department"—had not been set in larger type. He thrust the paper into his pocket and went home, and found Joe sitting on the steps of the porch, his schoolbooks spread out there, doing his "home work."

"What's the matter?" Cardan asked. "Your mother not home yet?"

"I couldn't get in," Joe said. "The door's locked."

As soon as Cardan opened the door he smelled the gas and guessed the rest.

"You stay out here," he ordered Joe, and went to the kitchen. The maid was not there but Mrs. Cardan was, on the floor by the gas range and, holding his breath, Cardan threw open the outer

door. As it opened the strips of folded newspaper fell to the floor from where they had been tucked between the edges of the door and its frame. Cardan stood a moment to get his lungs full of pure air again, and then he hurried to shut off the gas that was pouring from four burners. From around the windows he pulled the other strips of newspaper, and crammed them in his pocket, and threw the windows open. Then he bent over his wife and realized that she had found a way to leave Riverbank.

IV.

AS Cardan's testimony before the coroner was that the only burner he had found open was that in the oven of the range, and that no strips of paper had been used to wedge the cracks of the doors and windows, and that his wife had always been happy and had had everything she could possibly want, the *Eagle* and the *Times* called it an accident.

But Cardan the Conqueror knew it was no accident. As he left his home, which had never been a home but only a place where he ate and slept—for a home is something that has roots that spread out and touch the friendly roots of other homes—and walked to his store through streets that were not avenues of friendship but merely paved places for feet and wheels—he felt very bitter towards this town and its people. They had done this. But they would be sorry!

All through the funeral he had been thinking of this; the funeral had to be and he had to take his part in it, but his thoughts of his dead wife had been threaded by the thought that he would find relief in getting back to the store; he would forget as he drove Cardan's to even greater success. For, after all, Cardan was Cardan's, and Cardan's was Cardan. The store had been losing money for him, true enough, but now he would sharpen a bigger knife. He would get rid of the Palace and of Bunce Brothers, and then Cardan's could begin to make a profit.

At his desk he took a pencil and began to outline a new advertisement, but—before he had found a striking headline for it—he let his head fall forward on his arms. He felt miserably tired. Tired? No, not tired—lonely! He felt deserted and friendless. He felt, amazingly enough, that life did not amount to anything, that nothing amounted to anything; that putting full-page advertisements in a newspaper was not enough to make life worth living; that creating a big store that made little money and irritated many, was not happiness. He moved uneasily in his chair.

Success? Was it success to create a big business by knifing competitors? Such a business could only continue to exist by continued knifing. And if a business did continue, what was it worth if it made enemies instead of friends? What a legacy to leave his son! "Yes, Cardan is dead, and a good thing, too!"

NOISE



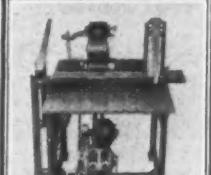
Rotary Addressers
\$30 to \$75



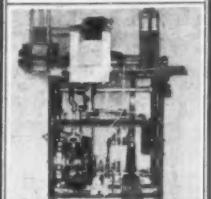
As quiet as a
Noiseless Typewriter



Foot Lever Addressers
\$150



Electric Addresser—\$300



Automatic Envelope Feed
Addresser—\$500



Envelope Sealer—\$45

A N ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE operates with so little noise it can be used anywhere in any office without the slightest annoyance to anyone.

Many a man has bought an ELLIOTT for the sole purpose of gaining a quiet office. Also remember that noise means wear; and that, because the ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE is noiseless, it doesn't wear out.

This Advertisement is
No. 5 of a series explaining ELLIOTT
SUPERIORITY from
these 17 viewpoints:

1. Visibility
2. Typewriter Stencilling
3. Index Cards
4. Colored Edge Index
5. Noise
6. "Makeready"
7. Index Tabs
8. Weight
9. Bulk
10. Speed
11. Safety
12. Simplicity
13. Cleanliness
14. Flexibility
15. Durability
16. Labor Saving
17. Economy

Send for FREE BOOK
illustrating all of
the above 17 Points.

ELLIOTT Addressing Machine Co.

145 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.



Send for
Prices

Snappy HEAD- GEAR

for all gatherings
of Rotarians and
Rotarianettes.

M. HEFTER'S SONS, Brooklyn, N.Y.
79 Flatbush Ave.



Have Your Collars Laundered in Troy

Where the "original new look" will
be given them. Write and we'll send
a Handy Mailing Carton. It makes mailing easier.

Collartown Laundry
494 Cannon Place TROY, N.Y.



Two hundred hungry Rotarians!

testify to the goodness of the contents of this unique package

There are two important things to do when you visit San Antonio—See the Alamo and eat a real Mexican Dinner.

You may never have the opportunity of visiting the shrine of Texas Liberty, but you can enjoy a genuine Mexican Dinner right in your home just as did the San Antonio Rotary Club this week they saved the price of lunch and ate a Mexican Dinner at the Gebhardt white-tiled, sunlit kitchens—a dinner of the same delicious products as are contained in this unique Dinner Package.

Gebhardt's Original Mexican Dinner Package contains one each of Chili con Carne, genuine shuck-wrapped Tamales, Frejoles (Mexican Style Beans), 2 cans of Deviled Chili Meat and a bottle of Chili Powder—the basis of seasoning of all Gebhardt's products.

The whole is packed in a beautiful colored lithographed souvenir box and contains a menu showing just how to serve this delightful dinner or luncheon for five persons.

Pin a dollar bill or your check to your letter-head and I will mail this Dinner Package to you postpaid and with it will include the most unique cook book ever published—Mexican Cookery for American Homes—giving tested recipes of all the well known and many famous Mexican dishes.

Please address me personally.

G. G. (Gus) GEYER
Gebhardt Chili Powder Co.
113 Frio Street, SAN ANTONIO



IN MONTREAL The Rotary Club Meets on Tuesdays, 12:45, at

THE WINDSOR
ON DOMINION SQUARE
JOHN DAVIDSON, Manager

THE DANGER SIGNAL

You would not travel on a railroad which had no signal system. You would be afraid to take the risk. Why, then, do you travel through life without a health signal system to warn you of the approach of that greatest danger, Ill Health?

Health Protection is more valuable than life insurance. The health protection given by our service consists of the scientific safeguard of periodical urinalysis. It watches your physical condition, and when some slight irregularity is evident it warns you to take corrective measures.

As a protection to yourself and those who depend upon you, you should investigate our system of Health Protection to-day. Write for our booklet, "The Span of Life," which tells you how to put the signal system on your physical condition.

NATIONAL BUREAU OF ANALYSIS
R. 123 Republic Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

National Bureau of Analysis,
R. 123 Republic Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "The Span of Life," and particulars of your plan.

Name _____

Address _____

This town is well rid of such a cheap fraud!"

Cardan raised his head and reached for the trade paper of his trade. He turned the pages until he came to the small advertisement headed "Opportunities to Buy or Sell."

"X. Y. Z., care of Cloak and Suit Recorder:" he wrote. "I notice your advertisement saying you will buy a live cloak and suit business in a live, friendly town. My business was established here—" And so on.

V.

THE price Cardan the Conqueror got for his store was the amount the stock invoiced for, less 20 per cent for depreciation, and less another 20 per cent for "ill will." The buyer, after walking through Main Street and talking with Cardan's fellow-merchants, had struck his pencil through the item "Good Will, \$20,000," and had flat-footedly declared that unless a 20 per cent was taken off for ill will he would not buy.

"You've built up a business here by cut-throat methods," he told Cardan, "and by knocking and slamming. I'll have to begin at the bottom and build a new business; no man can revamp this of yours without laying a new foundation of friendly manners and clean profit-making. You can take it or leave it."

So Cardan took it. Cardan the Con-

queror put the certified check in his pocket and took Joe by the hand and went away from Riverbank. He is now in business, in cloaks and suits again, at Calderton, Indiana. If you sent for a report on him you would read this: "Formerly in business at Riverbank, Iowa, but is believed to have lost heavily there, due to his cut-throat methods. Is now doing business in a smallish way, but is well spoken of by local bankers and business men, and his business shows a satisfactory annual profit above expenses."

A few days ago Hufflin, of the Tremain Suit Company, called on Cardan.

"Look here, Cardan," he said, "old Binner, down the street, is not buying enough to suit me; how would you like to have our line for Calderton? Exclusively."

But Cardan shook his head.

"No, I guess not," he said. "Not unless Binner wants to give it up. He's a rather fine old fellow, Binner is, and we get along nicely together here. I couldn't afford to hurt the old fellow just to make a few dollars. Why, man! Binner is proposing me for the vice-presidency of the Chamber of Commerce! I wouldn't hurt the old fellow for all the lines in the world."

And then he had to leave Hufflin, because a couple of bankers stopped in to walk over to the hotel with Cardan the Conqueror.

Independence and Co-operation

Men who always agree with one another are usually the weaklings.

Men who fail to act together are usually the fools.

Independent thought and co-operative compromise action is the combination which accomplishes results.

When your committees call on you to act, they have crystallized, into a definite plan the independent thought in Rotary.

Then is the time for co-operative action.

At the time for action, he who does not act, and act in harmony, forgets that

"He profits most who serves best."

Ethics' Place in Business

(Continued from page 12.)

adopted might lead to a healthy growth—the abstract principles had to be reduced to a community program in order to make of the theater a public-service institution—a community center, making a clean and wholesome contribution to the life of the community.

In order to accomplish this, the public-relations office turned to find the most strategic points for the initiation of this program, and those points proved to be the cities in which theater managers had become members of Rotary, or members of those organizations patterned after Rotary. In the minds of these Rotarians these ideas had taken hold, and, with but few exceptions, they were the only minds in which they had taken hold. But they needed tools with which

to work—a concrete plan which would reach the public.

So it was that about two years ago a meeting took place in Atlanta between a representative of this motion-picture company, two club women, and two business men of the city. These principles were discussed and reduced to a rough program adapted to the community. Out of this meeting grew the first Better Films Committee, with a concrete community program. In April, 1922, it was felt that sufficient progress had been made to warrant the calling of a general conference, which convened in Atlanta as the Southeastern Conference for Better Films, with more than 500 representatives of civic clubs, religious organizations, various publications, and educa-

tional institutions covering seven southeastern states. Just prior to this meeting Mr. Will Hays had accepted the leadership of the motion-picture industry, and in June, 1922, he called a conference of more than 150 citizen organizations at the Waldorf Hotel in New York, at which conference the results of the Southeastern Conference for Better Films were presented, and out of which grew the Public Relations Committee, which is in fact a Better Films Committee on a national scale. Under the auspices of that committee, on November 16th and 17th a Regional Conference, modelled after the conference held in Atlanta, convened in Minneapolis; and also in November the third Regional Conference convened in Boston, with the announced purpose of carrying the Better Films Committee idea throughout the United States as the logical solution of the seven problems which I have attempted to outline.

SO it is that some ten or twelve Rotary clubs have spoken through this company, strategically located in regard to heads of the motion-picture industry, and thus had a hand in moulding the principles on which is founded the industry's public-relations program for the whole United States.

Now I do not mean that these few theater managers who were privileged to be Rotarians found in Rotary this plan "cut and dried"—nor do I mean that they were necessarily familiar with the Code of Ethics—nor that they consciously drew the inspiration even—but located at the switch as I was during the formative period of this movement, I could see the delicate flanges of the wheels of the movement veering this way or that in accord with steel rails of principles laid for the first time publicly by business men, as the Rotary Code of Ethics. And as a result, I am convinced of two things: first, that the motion-picture industry, probably because it reached this transitional phase of development co-incident with the development of Rotary's international influence, has been influenced to a greater extent by Rotary principles, than has any other one industry. Second: that Rotary's greatest work and opportunity lies in tilling the soil preparatory to planting—that affiliation in Rotary renders the man receptive—that just as it was found in a comparative experiment in the New York Public Schools the other day, students who were receiving oral instruction followed by visual instruction stood 22 per cent higher on their examinations than did children who receive only oral instruction, or only visual instruction. So Rotary is giving an oral instruction which enables the individual to interpret the image aright when he meets it in the business world.

*Incorporated
November 16th, 1898*

The Barnes-Crosby Company had at that time ten employees and occupied a floor space of less than one thousand square feet. At the present time the employees number about three hundred and the floor space occupied by the various departments exceeds forty thousand square feet.

This growth has been accomplished only by the superiority of our organization, its quality and service rendered. Our *Advertising Art* and *Photograph Studios*, with specialists in all branches of Illustrative Art, are perfectly equipped. Our *Photo-Engraving* and *Mechanical Departments* produce the best in printing plates, made for Black and White or Color Printing.

For years our customers have been acquainted with our old entrance at 226 West Madison Street and while we have not moved, we have changed our address to 9 North Franklin Street, right around the corner from our old entrance.

*You are cordially invited
to visit our establishment*

BARNES-CROSBY COMPANY
E. W. HOUSER, PRES.
ADVERTISING ART STUDIOS
PHOTO-ENGRAVING SHOPS
9-NORTH FRANKLIN ST. COR. MADISON ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.



The Rotary Hotel of Delightful Miami, Florida

land of perpetual Summer. The Rotary Club meets on the South Veranda every Thursday—visiting Rotarians welcome.

W. N. Urmey, Pres.

SELECTED GEORGIA PECANS

5 pounds, \$4.00; 10 pounds, \$7.50;
20 pounds, \$15.00

By Parcel Post Prepaid in U. S. Send Check With Order.

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Musical Comedies and Revues, with full instructions for staging plays, music, crossfire, monologues, afterpieces, vaudeville acts and make-up. CATALOGUE FREE.

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Another Cruise Around the World on the "SAMARIA"

Jan. 26 to June 3, 1924

Rightly encouraged by the remarkable success of our 1923 Golden Jubilee Cruise, we have rechartered the splendid Cunarder "SAMARIA"—that pre-eminently suitable cruising steamer—for our 1924 Cruise Around the World.

An itinerary superb—130 days—sailing eastward from New York and meeting Springtime in every country visited.

Comfort, luxury, leisure—plus the services of our unique chain of permanent offices all along the route. Literature on Request.

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They are all steel built to stand real use, and will be a gift your child will remember and enjoy for years. No gift will be more appreciated than a useful, sturdy Wolverine Coaster, Scooter or Bike. Handsomely finished in red and yellow. Write for complete prices and circular.

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Smart—Distinctive
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Use the Coupon

BEAU BRUMMEL, 5 Church St., New York

Enclosed find \$..... for ties at
Color preferred or suit to be matched or
just leave it to "Beau."

Name.....

Address.....
Order for your friends at Christmas

Rose Marie Blair

(Continued from page 15.)

It was a surly, ugly-tempered boy who wakened to Rosy's ministrations. Rosy recognized the mood, met it with all the tact and pleasantness she could command. He halted her.

"Cut it out, ma! Cut it out! I ain't the old man!"

"Trent!"

"Fact! Don't bother me!"

"But Trent—"

"Aw, hell!"

He swung from the bed with impatience, turned a sickly green, lowered himself gently. Rosy handed him a drink. There was silence in the room for a while. On a pallet in a darkened corner of the room, Carter and Tommy lay sleeping. Suddenly, Trent spoke again.

"I'm not going back to that school again. And that's that!"

He drew a lip in sulkily, and Rosy said quickly:

"But Trent, your manual training—"

"Aw, hell!"

Rosy winced. Years of it had not accustomed her to swearing. She hated it, hated it specially from her boys. But wisely, she did not speak of this now.

"I got a job," went on Trent, and answering her questioning look, added sheepishly, "At Crite's Place."

"Trent!"

It was all she could say, and again, Trent swore. But he would not go back to school. And he did go to work at Crite's Place, run by a miserable brute of a fellow, selling questionable wares of all sorts, cleverly peddling illicit merchandise, his place a rendezvous for the evil element of the town.

In the days that followed, there was a change in Rosy that troubled the observing boy, Carter, very much. He had seen his mother worried before. He could not remember when she had not worried, but there was a sort of apathy about her, a discouraged air that the boy failed to understand. Christmas was very near, too. That hurt Carter, for he loved Christmas. Maybe he could manage some way or another a little gift for his mother. That might cheer her up a bit. But he did not mention the coming holiday season, neither did Rosy.

Friday before Christmas, Carter came home from school nearly bursting with joy. His eyes shone like stars; his voice was a shriek of excitement. Some man, a big man, was going to take him to a Christmas dinner tomorrow! Teacher said so! And Arch Comers was going, and Billy Thomas, and his voice was hushed, even Butch! There are always depths of degradation beneath one's own,

and to the residents of Poverty Gap, Butch was the ultimate. Nameless he was, his mother a pretty, shallow girl of the neighborhood whose recklessness was whispered about in every household. Butch smoked and he chewed and he swore. He stole and he lied and he was a varmint for fighting. He was bold and fearless, and he was not quite ten years old. Butch had the whole neighborhood up in arms against him. He gloried in his reputation. And Carter said Butch was going to this Christmas dinner. Rosy could not find out much about it. If Carter knew, he was too excited to tell. Before he went to bed, he scrubbed his face and hands and hair. He dug into his ears; and he tried to get the grime out of his finger nails. Trent began to jeer openly, but Rosy silenced him. Tommy stood around, staring curiously, and Rosy could not refrain a soft smile with tears just beneath the surface. Carter repeated the process when he got up in the morning; then again before he went to school. He stopped his play long enough before school took up to hasten to the washroom and scrub himself again. At recess, he did not play at all, but spent the period at the wash bowl. His teacher's face wore a broad grin.

NOW, Dave Markham was far from being an old man. Also, he was not exactly young any more, having reached the mature age of thirty-four. He was a bit of a cynic, and a great deal bored with this Christmas dinner idea and particularly with this boy part of it that the Rotary Club was sponsoring. Big Bob Cathers was responsible for the idea, and was footing the bill. The club was made up of good loyal members, so they backed Bob up even though they were bored. There were around ninety members in the club, and Bob was paying for as many extra plates for boys, poor boys. Each Rotarian was to be a host to his boy, calling at the various school houses for them, the teachers having helped to select the most needy and deserving. So after eleven o'clock, Dave Markham hopped into his car and drove to the Carlyle school for his boy. He got Carter Blair. Phil Fanning, the clothier, was there, and to him fell Arch Comers. Gene Fletcher, the photographer, got Billy Thomas. Butch was already gone, and so were a score of others.

Dave led Carter to his waiting car, and they drove off. Dave did not know what to talk about to his little guest, so spoke at random. Carter vouchsafed no replies because he was afraid to speak. He was too big to cry, of course, but he felt sure that if he attempted speech . . .

They approached the big city Boys Club building. Carter's eyes began to shine, noticing which, Dave remarked:

"Ever go to the Boys' Club, son?"

Carter shook his head.

"Ought to go," said Dave. "Fine thing for a boy. I'd want a son of mine to go regularly."

Carter choked. Dave frowned thoughtfully.

"Hum-m-m!" he commented, beginning to understand. "Ever think you'd like to?"

"Oh-h-h!" Just a breath from Carter.

"Uh-huh, I see," said Dave. He drew up by the club. "I have to see a fellow," he explained to Carter. "Be out in just a minute," and he swung briskly out of the car, up the steps. Carter looked after him and when Dave disappeared, carefully the boy wiped his eyes clear of any suspicion of tears. A few minutes later, Dave came out again, whistling. They drove up to the big hotel, and parked. But Dave did not make an immediate move to alight, to Carter's surprise and fear. Dave laughed.

"Say, son, about that Boys Club business. Here's a year's membership. Suppose you try it out and see if you don't like it. Let me know about it, will you?"

It was so unexpected, and Carter was only a little boy. His face grew painfully red, and the tears began to trickle. A regular fellow always understands, and Dave Markham was a regular fellow. He turned his head away.

THE big dining-room was overflowing with men and boys when Dave and Carter entered. Immediately, Dave sensed an emotional strain in the air, tears close to the surface, and hearts stirred more than their wont. He saw big Tim Matthews actually wipe a tear away that threatened to trickle down over his red cheek. He saw Andrew Blakely, the most tight-fisted man in the county, have a sudden paroxysm of coughing, and Dave knew he had not the slightest kind of a cold. Ed Crawford, whose income went into the thousands, was trying to whistle and could not. Their habitually pale skins were whiter than usual, their mouths tighter, but their ordinary calm composure was gone. They were not jesting, were not meeting anyone's eyes, apparently could not. Ed Crawford had Butch. He turned to look for Carter, and found Billy Thomas with eyes large as dollars whispering to him:

"He gave me a kodak!"

"S nuthin'!" Carter was quick to retort. "He—" with a twitch of his thumb toward Dave, "gave me a boys club membership."

Dave smiled, a rather tremulous smile, and wondered if he could whistle. But before he could make the attempt, at long-drawn breaths from Carter and Billy, his eyes followed theirs, and he saw Phil Fanning approaching with Arch Comers. Arch was resplendent in



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Attention, Thinkers and Doers! Do you ever want to write high-powered sales letters? Speak in Public? Prepare Ads? Edit house organs? Do you ever find yourself staring vacantly at a blank sheet of paper wishing you had a self-starter for the thoughts that simply will not come? Here's a new book you need.

During the last 12 years F. D. Van Amburgh, publisher of the go-gettingest little business magazine in the world, has saved up 375 pages of mental stimulation, every paragraph of which you can

use in your daily work. Invest in yourself. Be known as an "Idea Man." Send for this book today and examine it in your own home!

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Here's \$2—Send on your book. If I don't think it's worth 10 times the price you are to refund my money at once!

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Hotels Statler

Rotary Hotels

BUFFALO

1100 Rooms 1100 Baths

DETROIT

1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

CLEVELAND

1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

ST. LOUIS

650 Rooms 650 Baths

There is to be a Hotel Statler in Boston (1350 rooms, 1350 baths); and another Statler-operated hotel in Detroit. Opening dates to be announced later.

Hotel Pennsylvania

New York—Statler-operated

2200 Rooms—The Largest Hotel in the World—2200 Baths

Seventh Ave., 32nd to 33rd Sts., Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal

Every guest-room in each of these hotels has private bath, circulating ice-water and other unusual conveniences. A morning newspaper is delivered free to every guest-room. Club meals, at attractive prices.

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Large equipment for the bigger orders
A complete Job Department for the
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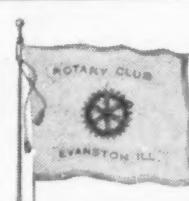
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A wide awake—active organization anxious to
serve.

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where immediate action is desired

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Official
Rotary
Flags
Our Specialty

U. S. Flags—All Sizes—Qualities and prices.
Badges and Banners
Send for catalogue

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222 W. Madison St. Chicago, U. S. A.

*The Exclusive Garter because it has exclusive features. For example—it is the *only* adjustable wideweb garter without the Hook and Eye Cast-off on the face of the pad. Also the *only* garter that has the famous Oblong All-Rubber Button.*

The Wideweb "Boston" in handsome holiday boxes makes a very sensible Christmas gift—one that any man will appreciate.

Sold Everywhere.

George Frost Company—Makers Boston



Price \$10.00 Per Gross

Beistle Rotary Hat

Is as essential to any Rotarian Dinner as the "food" and "talk"; all three go together. Service—your telegraphic order will be shipped on first train. No disappointments from this end. As Rotarians are generally interested in other organizations, we manufacture similar hats for Mystic Shrine, I. O. O. F., Moose, K. T., Elks, K. of C., U. C. T., and many other organizations, as well as Patriotic and Children's hats for picnics, etc.

Descriptive price list upon request. Yours for service

BEISTLE CO.,
18 Burd Street Shippensburg, Pa.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR FREIGHT SHIPMENTS

of Household Goods, Automobiles and Machinery for domestic points, and everything—from a case to a carload—for Export. How?

Write the nearest office.

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Cleveland, Hippodrome Bldg.
Los Angeles, Van Nuys Bldg.
San Francisco, Monadnock Bldg.
Seattle, Alaska Bldg.
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a brand-new suit of clothes, and he was grinning from ear to ear.

"He gimme the suit," he announced in resonant tones. "I dunno how these got in my pockets but I kinda think them men down at the store done it." He drew out of both pockets a collection of small coins. "They wasn't nuthin' in 'em when I put on these clothes cause them men said I oughter have somethin' to jingle when I put my hands in my pockets. An' then,—they *wuz* in my pockets!"

He smiled happily, and all over the room there was a simultaneous movement of Adam's Apples. Dinner was announced, and the room was soon cleared of its heavy emotional sense as one hundred and eighty boys and men sought to appease the pangs of hunger. The boys stuffed. Many a man of hearty appetite forgot to eat that day as he watched hungry boy after hungry boy eat and eat and eat.

It was Mark Caldwell who made the Christmas speech. He got up and began to talk about Santa Claus, but was almost immediately rudely interrupted. Butch's voice shrilled through the room.

"There ain't no Santy Claus!" he declared. Mark humored the boy.

"There isn't any Santa?"

"No, there ain't!"

"But are you *sure* there isn't any Santa?"

"I know there ain't! I set up all night one Christmas night, and nubuddy come at all."

There was a faint hysterical giggle from a number of scared, flush-faced little fellows who knew Butch and his reputation. Mark Caldwell smiled kindly.

"Well, my boy, maybe there isn't Santa Claus. I had always believed there was, but if you sat up one whole night and watched, and the old fellow did not show up, why, of course, I may be mistaken. But I'd like to talk about the old Saint, anyway, if you wouldn't mind listening to me."

AND he went on to tell of the beautiful spirit of Love that was typified in the child mind by Santa Claus. He described his childhood belief in the good old Saint; then how, when he had reached a skeptical age, his mother had taught him how Santa and Love could be the same. How she had shown him the way to play Santa himself and helped him to share with the more unfortunate. He had played Santa for a good many years, he said, and he hoped he would live many years more that he might play it again and again. It was a fascinating game.

According to the worldly standards of men, Mark Caldwell was perhaps the least successful of all those ninety good Rotarians. But in that club, Mark Caldwell had eighty-nine true friends, and what more than that could mortal man

ask? Mark preached Love, and practiced what he preached. Mark Caldwell could never be a failure.

He smiled pleasantly upon little Butch. "Well, my dear fellow," he said, "How about it now? Do you still insist there isn't any Santa Claus?"

A curious thing was happening. There were eleven boys from Butch's neighborhood at that dinner. Ten little fellows, rough themselves, older than Butch, every one. Yet dreading and fearing Butch, the terrible. But before their eyes, the queerest thing was taking place. Butch's denial of Santa Claus before that crowd had frightened them. Mark Caldwell's speech had sobered them. But they stared in open-mouthed amazement at Butch who was digging grimy fists into his eyes as he said with a sob and many sniffs:

"I guess—maybe—they *is* a Santa Claus!"

THE winter passed and spring came. Uneventful days for Rosy. Trent kept on at Crite's Place, and Rosy could see with heavy heart, how the sinister influence was having its effect on her boy. So far as she could see, there was no way to change things at all. Trent had ceased to be civil at any time. She had not the slightest influence with him. But she guarded Carter jealously.

Uneventful days, too, in Rotary. There were changes, of course. A few men dropped out, still others left town. Some changed their business, and lost their classifications and new men came in and took their places. All of them hated to see Ed Crawford leave, but he was going to another state to look after larger business interests. Ed Crawford was Ed Crawford, of course, but he was a real Rotarian.

John Rider was behind the Back-to-School movement. Dave Markham characterized it as "damned nonsense and a darn nuisance," as he sat at the table at the Rotary luncheon waiting for John to give him a slip with the name of the boy he was to try and get back to school. The slip he received bore the name "Trent Blair."

"Blair, Blair," he repeated, thoughtfully. "It has a familiar sound." And after a second's reflection, "Why, that kid I had Christmas was Blair, Carter Blair. I seem to be getting pretty much mixed up with the Blairs' private affairs."

He laughed, stuffed the slip in his pocket and forgot about it. The school term was nearly over when he came across the slip one afternoon as he was searching his pockets for a lost receipt.

"Thunder!" he ejaculated, tersely. He laid the slip aside, one eye upon it as he fumbled again in his pockets. "Oh, I might as well attend to this and get it

off my mind," he concluded, and reached for his hat.

Answering his inquiries, Rosy told him how much she had wanted Trent to finish school. He loved his manual training, she informed him, but she did not think Trent would ever consider school again. Dave was thinking more of Mrs. Blair than Trent as he drove his car along the street toward Crites' Place. She was not like the general run of women with whom he had occasionally come in contact in circumstances similar. Maybe this boy business was not so much nonsense as it seemed. If they found one boy among them all who might make a splendid citizen in later years, no one could say their labor had been in vain even though all the rest of their boys were none the better.

A YOUTH with sulky face and sullen eyes, the inevitable cigarette hanging loosely from his lips, slouched in the doorway of Crites' Place, and of him Dave made inquiry for Trent.

"Well, sir, that's me!" said the boy, sullenly and suspiciously. He surveyed the inquirer with appraising eyes, and as he looked, Dave drew a cigarette package from his pocket, made a selection, struck a match. He could not know the relief his action gave young Trent Blair. Trent hated reformers, and he felt reasonably certain a reformer would not be smoking a cigarette.

"Work here?"

"Yep."

A silence while both puffed, looking each other over. Dave turned his eyes to the street. Two small boys were quarreling, trying to start a fight.

"Like it?"

"So-so."

Another silence. One of the little boys gave the other a surreptitious kick. The other retaliated with a blow on the chin, and the scrap was on. Dave took the cigarette from his mouth and laughed.

"I'll bet on the little red-headed fellow," he said, and drew a small coin from his pocket. In spite of himself, Dave's remark brought an answering laugh from Trent.

"A lot you know about those kids. Yeller jacket beats every time. Take you up on that little bet," and he squatted on his heels, crying, "Come on, you Yeller Jacket, come on, you! I'mbettin' on you, Yeller Jacket, hit him, hit him! Get that Red-head! He's—"

But Dave's deeper, steadier tones drowned his. "That's right, Red, my boy! Give him another one, just like that other one! Attaboy! Sure, you can lick him, Red!"

And suddenly, Yeller Jacket sprawled on the ground to Trent's complete surprise. Dave laughed and called congratulations to Red, who grinned broadly though sheepishly.

"I'll be damned!" said Trent Blair.

And handed over his coin to Dave. Dave smiled, pocketed it, introduced himself.

"I'm Dave Markham of the Standard Manufacturing Company. Ever been out there?"

"Never have."

"Like to go out and look things over?" A long, long pause from Trent.

"Say," he remarked, speculatively, "just what's your game?"

Dave smiled his engaging smile, and answered with disarming frankness.

"I'm one of the Back-to-School Movement men of the Rotary Club, and your name was given to me, but I thought it might be better to get acquainted first before we talked about that."

Trent tossed the stub of his cigarette away, drew out another and rolled it round and round in his fingers.

"They're taking off a heat in the foundry today and it is very interesting to watch if you've never seen it. I must be going but I'd like to have you along if you care to go."

Trent pondered the matter with conflicting emotions. He could not rid himself of the feeling there might be a trap, yet he found it hard to resist a certain indefinable appeal about this man. At least, there was no obligation attached; he would look the shop over. He was not going back to school, of that he was positive. But he'd sort of like to see the inside of the shop. He decided to go.

With instructions to the superintendent to let the boy wander at will, Dave left him in the shop and went to the office. An hour passed, a half hour, and another ten minutes, before Dave saw Trent approaching the office. He greeted the boy with a grin.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Pretty good stuff," said Trent.

Dave noted a trace of excitement and an interest in his eyes which the boy tried to hide.

"Wouldn't care to take a job out here? Learn something about the trade?"

It was so unexpected the boy paused open mouthed. It was impossible for him to repress the eager light in his eyes.

"Think it over, my boy," said Dave Markham. "If you think you'd like to try it, come out tomorrow morning in a pair of overalls and carrying a dinner pail, and we'll see how you do. Now, just amuse yourself till I finish this work and I'll drive you back."

THE next morning, Trent Blair's name was entered on the company pay roll.

Two weeks later, the superintendent reported to Dave:

"That Blair kid you sent in a while back ain't worth a hang!"

Dave stared at him in undisguised amazement.

"Fact," insisted the superintendent, drawing out a knife and a plug of tobacco, and cutting off a chew. "He loafed the whole enduring time in old Henry's

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pattern shed. Every time I need him I got to send after him. Kid's a darn nuisance."

Dave tilted back in his chair thoughtfully and in silence. The superintendent took a good look at Dave and retreated, mumbling. There were moods of silence that overtook Dave occasionally during which he might maintain his tactfulness for hours. Most of the shop had learned to recognize and respect these moods. One had come over Dave, now. He sat there for more than an hour, smoking, thinking. Somehow, he had counted on the kid, and he hated to acknowledge disappointment. A telephone summons interrupted him at last. Having answered, he decided to stroll through the shop. No Trent was to be found in the machine shop nor in the foundry. So Dave made his way to the pattern shed. He paused in the doorway. Over a long table, bent old Henry, the pattern-maker, gluing pieces of a circular pattern together. And beside him stood Trent Blair, a finished pattern of intricate design and beautiful workmanship in his left hand. With the fingers of his right hand, he was stroking the pattern caressingly while with unwavering eyes, he watched old Henry's deft hands at work. He jumped when he heard Dave's step as he entered the building, put down the pattern, and started toward the shop, but Dave checked him.

"That's all right, Trent," said Dave. "Let's see just what you've been doing."

Old Henry pointed to the finished pattern, designating certain parts which were Trent's work. Trent flushed uneasily. But before Dave could speak, a grimy, good-natured face appeared in the doorway and yelled at Trent.

"Hey, kid, the Boss wants you in the foundry. Pronto!" Trent hurried.

"Well, Henry," inquired Dave, "how do you and the boy get along?"

Old Henry, between puffs on a vile, old corn-cob pipe, made answer.

"That boy's a natural born cabinet maker."

THE announcement took Dave's power of speech away for a few moments. He wandered about the pattern shop, stood staring out of the window. Presently, he came back to the old fellow.

"Henry, how would you like to have a helper?"

"Meanin' that kid?"

"Well?"

Old Henry took his vile, evil-smelling, old pipe from his mouth, knocked out the ashes against the side of the work table, refilled it with tobacco, replaced it, lighted it before he answered.

"O' course, I ain't rushed with work right now. I can manage by myself all right. But that kid's a natural born cabinet maker; he sure is."

"I'll have him report to you in the morning," said Dave, and went out of the pattern shop. He left word with the

superintendent to send Trent into the office as soon as he finished with his present job, and went in himself to await the boy. He saw him come shambling in, his mouth and eyes sulky. As he presented himself to Dave, there was a deep silence. Dave gazed steadily at the boy, but Trent refused to meet Dave's eyes. At length Dave spoke.

Trent nodded sulkily. Irrelevantly, Dave went on:

"Timmons tells me you're no good around the foundry and shop. That you're hanging around old Henry most of the time."

Trent squirmed uneasily, but made no comment.

"But old Henry," went on Dave, "tells me you're a natural born cabinet maker."

Trent blinked. He had expected a bawling-out, even while resenting the idea, but he had not expected a word of praise at all. His mouth open, he looked straight at Dave, and Dave went on seriously.

"I'm ready to make a bargain with you, Trent. A sort of trade. I've known a good many pattern-makers in my time—good and bad. But there's none anywhere any better than old Henry. I'd rather lose my job than old Henry. And I'll take his word always as to another man's ability in his particular line. But a man needs more than a trade if he wants to get anywhere. A boy needs a certain amount of education whether he wants it or not. School teaches him application and gives him a comprehen-

sion of things in the world outside of his immediate individual interest. Gives him a glimpse of many things to tantalize his curiosity and imagination, and gives him an opportunity to broaden himself by research. It helps him to acquire that something that makes it easier for him to rub shoulders with men of high and low degree. You need these things, Trent. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You give me your word of honor that you'll go back to school next fall and finish your course,—you're taking business, aren't you, and manual training?—and I'll take you out of the shop tomorrow morning and put you with old Henry indefinitely."

He stretched out his hand, looked full at Trent, and waited. He was surprised to see the sudden rush of color that stained the boy's face and neck a blood red. It embarrassed Dave, Trent's extreme embarrassment, but his eyes never wavered from the boy's face. Trent fidgeted, battling for a bit of self-control, longing hopelessly for a touch of his former nonchalance which he could not find, and he stood floundering miserably. Still Dave waited. With a sudden impulse and a last mighty effort, Trent managed to raise his eyes to meet Dave's squarely for a fleeting second, and he lifted his hand and laid it in Dave's strong friendly one. Dave grasped it firmly, dropped it, understanding the boy's utter misery and deep emotion. With never a word, Trent bolted out of the office.

(To be concluded next month)

Mr. Perkins' Christmas

(Continued from page 26.)

I think that maybe its because I'm here and she's just got to take care of me, buy me dresses and dolls and things, that she has to work all the time. Maybe Mr. Santa Claus if I went away and my Mamma had her money back she'd be happy again and that's what I wanted to ask you about."

"Can't you put some money in my Mamma's stocking and leave it for her and take me away with you so that she won't have to look at me and cry ever, ever any more?"

"Well," replied Mr. Perkins, "We'll think that over and I'll tell you later about taking you away from your Mamma, but first, can you think of the name of the big, fat man who came and got the money and the diamonds?"

At Mr. Perkins' unexpected reply a look of intense disappointment came into the child's eyes but she answered: "I don't remember his name, Mr. Santa Claus, but it's on a card and it's in a drawer in the sewing-machine."

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thought it all over and here's the answer. I can't take you away with me because I ain't got no department for little girls and anyway your Mamma don't want you to go. She don't cry because she's got you to take care of. She cries because there's something else the matter and I'm going to fix that right now. You watch me."

Drawing from his pocket a big roll of bills, Mr. Perkins very deliberately divided it into two equal piles. There was seven hundred dollars in each pile. From another pocket he took two diamond rings and from yet a third pocket a pair

of very bright and very sharp steel nippers and, while the little girl watched him curiously, he dexterously cut the prongs of the settings until the stones dropped out on the mantel.

Mr. Perkins then rolled one stone up in each pile of bills, slipped a roll into each stocking, lifted the little girl gently down from the mantel and, speaking very seriously, he said: "Little girl, there's an old maid in this town who's never going to know that she owes all of her Merry Christmas to you. Good night, and Merry Christmas for yourself!"—and Mr. Perkins was gone.

Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 41.)

hem was second with 567, Easton third with 617, while Allentown trailed with 631.

In addition to the twenty-four players competing for the team championship, more than forty Rotarians played in foursomes for the individual cups for low gross and low net, which were open to all.

After the tournament a dinner was served at the clubhouse and President Bill Hutchinson of Bethlehem presented the cups. The championship trophy must be won three times to become the permanent property of any club. Stroudsburg Rotarians announce that they will hold next year's tournament on their home course—the Shawnee Country Club.

Uses Charter, Flags, and Photos, in Window Display

GILLESPIE, ILL.—The recently organized club at Gillespie got some good advertising when Al Hooper, manager of the local power company, arranged a two-day window display. The layout included twenty-one medallions of members, that of a deceased member being suitably draped. Rotary hats used for the charter presentation meeting, the charter itself, and the flags of the various nations represented in Rotary were other features of this display which attracted considerable notice.

Much Debated Question Is Still an Enigma

OPELIKA, ALA.—During a recent "ladies night" program of the Opelika Rotary Club they held an impromptu debate on "Who is Happiest—the Bachelor or the Married Man." To add interest to the debate the married men argued in favor of single blessedness and vice-versa. After the laughter and chaff had died down a bit, a minister gave a closing talk which was as witty as it was impartial.

Rotary Club Hosts to Agriculturists

FREDERICKTON, N. B.—To develop a better community spirit the Fredericton Rotary Club entertained thirty-five representative agriculturists. The speakers of the day included Dr. E. S. Archibald, director of Experimental Farms for Canada; Hon. D. W. Mersereau, Minister of Agriculture for New Brunswick, and Rotarian "Bill" Bailey, superintendent of the Experimental Station at Fredericton. The souvenir menu cards carried a list of good things all of which, except the coffee, were secured from farms within ten miles of the city. There was abundant evidence that all realized the mutual dependence of town and country folks.

My Creed

BY ALEXANDER FALL

DO not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be cheered by them, while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.

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There are various ways in which Rotary information is being passed along: Through addresses; by merited newspaper publicity gained by reason of outstanding activities of Rotary clubs.

Another plan is one chosen by hundreds of Rotarians and Rotary clubs, namely, the plan of subscribing to Rotary's magazine for someone else. The list of this class of subscriptions is long: branch officials and office executives of concerns headed by Rotarians; friends and relatives of members; university and college libraries; reading rooms of high schools and many public and private institutions, including lodges and social clubs—the entire list runs into the thousands.

You have this opportunity, and it has been made easy for you with this number for you will find inserted in this issue a subscription blank with a capacity for three subscriptions.

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